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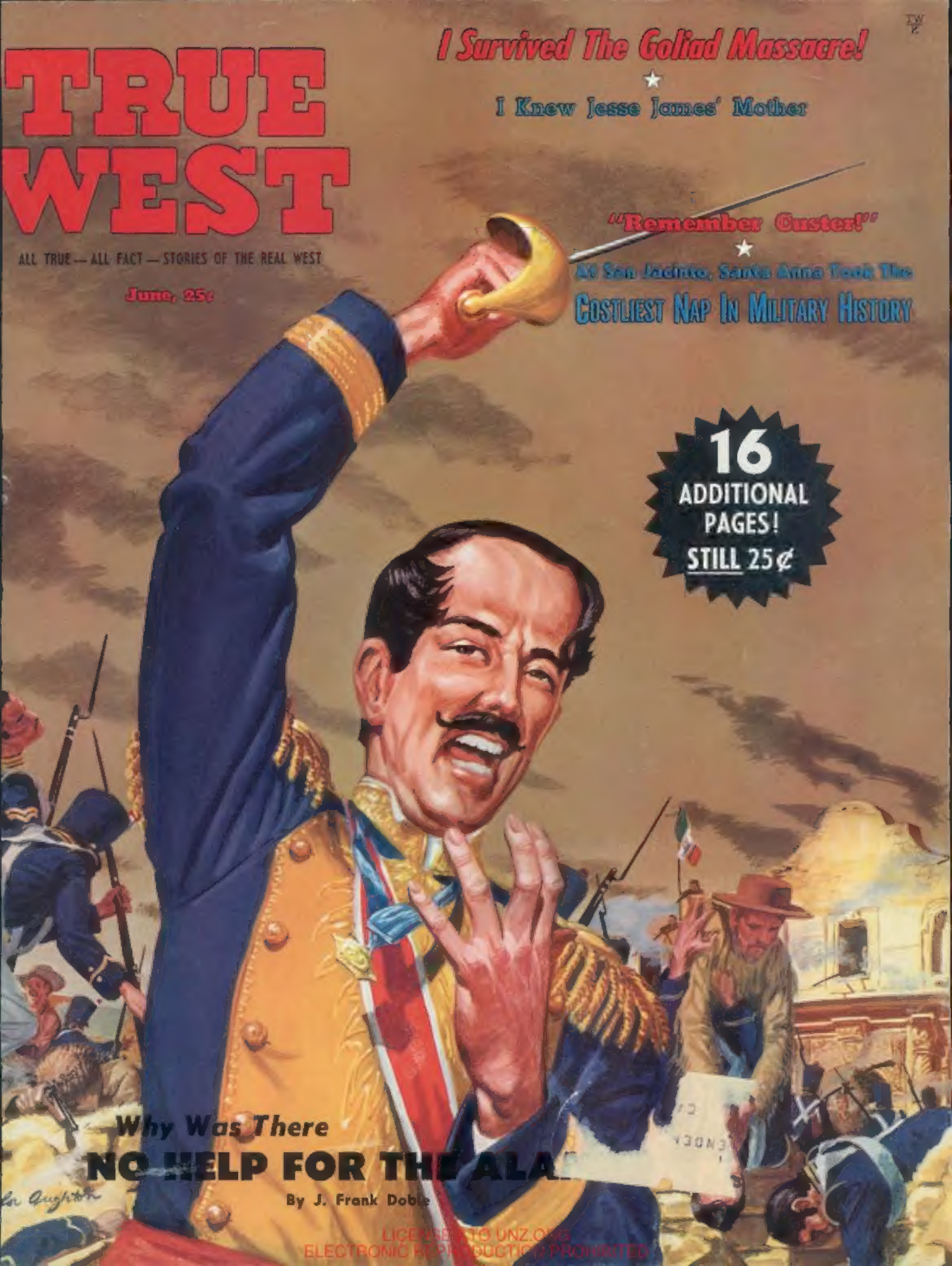

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By J. Frank Dobie

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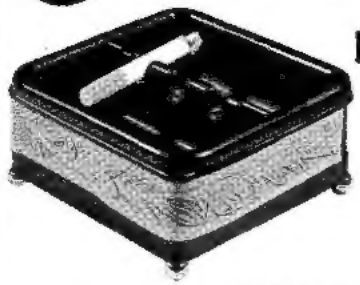

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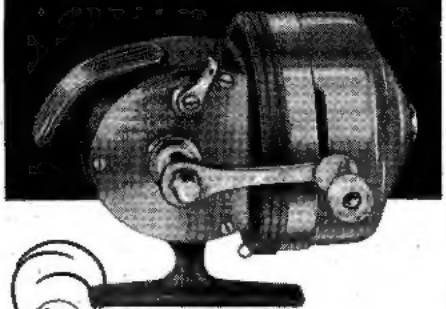

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May-June, 1959
Volume 6, No. 5
Whole No. 33

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, President, American Historical Association for 1958.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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MAN, WHAT A MESS!

WE'VE never been in such a complete, unadulterated mess in the twenty-three years I've been in the publishing business!

We're in sunny Texas, men—but us True Westers are SNOWED UNDER! Gracious, no! I'm not complaining! I'm just trying to explain, so that if you grow impatient because we are not prompt, before you call us dirty, low-down, mean skulking coyotes remember that we were fighting for air under an increasing load of paper work when we went national on the newsstands—and now our paper work has flat DOUBLED! Fact of the matter is, it's impossible for us to take care of it. Please let me have your left shoulder now to cry on—the right one is already wet!

Honestly, when somebody writes in now and then saying "I asked you about such-and-such a month ago! Don't you appreciate your friends and subscribers? Why don't you boys get on the ball?"

Well, it makes us feel like that animal you see to the left—mean, dirty, lowdown! It's like you had a solid stream of wheat being poured into a storage bin. You had to shovel eight-to-the-bar to keep it leveled out. Your every thought was "Can I keep this up—will it finally cover me under?" Then, suddenly, they open another door and a bigger stream starts in on you . . .

Oh, well—we'll do the best we can. Of course, every time you branch out, or in any possible way or manner expose the tender skin of your under-neck, a knife comes from nowhere and slits your throat clean! We figured every angle for a full year before adding sixteen pages, more color on the cover, wider distribution, etc. and finally decided to go. Everybody was asking for it. We HAD to do something. We were ready. We had it all figured. We took our first step.

We did make some slight typographical errors in figuring, however. We didn't foresee my wonderful gal, Elizabeth, coming down with an ulcer and being lost to the business for good. What a blow! She's the gal I live with, you know. Twenty-three years of living with me is enough to give any woman an ulcer! Doctor says she'll be all right with about a year of rest, diet and quiet.

I forgot, also, to ask any of the girls not to have babies during this period of stress. So Gayle is taking off to add to her family. She is our Circulation Manager, you know. Great gal, too.

Then Joy comes down with an ulcer. She was in the circulation department, also. Publishing and ulcers these days seem to be traveling companions.

We didn't know the following was coming up either. The U. S. Army is a worthy cause. I hope it lasts. But why did it have to pick this particular time to ask for Greg Olds in our advertising department? He didn't expect it until much later.

I could go on (believe me!) but your clothes are drenched now! If we lose Angel—I quit! Sure, we can hire new ones, but it takes a year and in most cases two, before a person is really valuable to us in the publishing business.

Yep, things are in pretty much of a mess here now. We feel like an old range hog backed into a corner by a pack of snapping hounds. We get nipped every time we make a move! But our hide's getting pretty tough and our fangs are unbroken. We'll come out. Don't worry. But you can help by bearing with us for a few months and not shooting first and asking questions later. Did you know there is a plague of epidemic proportions loose in this country now? It goes like this: One, two, BANG! three. People are shooting without giving you a chance. An innocent man is just as dead as a guilty one when you shoot him without a fair trial. It's the life and the times, I suppose. What say, let's all hold our fire until we're sure the sonofagun is guilty. An epidemic of any kind is bad—this one could get us all kilt off . . .

Now to hit a few high spots.

ATTENTION, AUTHORS!

We're being saturated with articles! That's GOOD, you bet, but it's getting to be too long before we can report on a story, and, too, we are OVERSTOCKED but good. We have enough material in our files to last TWO YEARS if we didn't buy another article! See, we are stupid. We have been unable to pass up a good, authentic article in the past—and, before we knew it, we just had too many. Authors write in demanding that their stories be published. Naturally, we can't publish them all at one time so we're doing the best we can—which isn't good enough, actually, in this particular case. So hold off, boys, for six or eight months (unless you've got something hot, too-good-to-be-true, etc.) and we'll try to get the running gear repaired and rolling again.

REQUEST! Please, sir—Mr. Writer, don't tell anybody about your story coming out in *True West* until it does. We get letters galore from writers saying they'd told all their friends and are being kidded, etc., and when in the Sam Hill are we going to run their stuff!

IS IT *REALLY* TRUE?

New readers galore are asking that question. They just can't believe that here is a western magazine that actually is serious about trying to present the truth. Man, yes! It is AS TRUE AS WE CAN POSSIBLY MAKE IT! We are *still* working on an Editorial Research Board composed of ultra experts to make this magazine, and *Frontier Times*, as accurate, authentic, honest and downright TRUE as human beings can make it. We still aren't perfect (and we never will be!) but when we get the Board completely organized, we'll be mighty close! Incidentally, if you are a terrific, infallible, too-good-to-be-true expert on any phase of the Old West, apply for a position on this Board. Just write me (Hosstail) direct.

HELP!

Early reports are that we are selling east of the Mississippi! We won't know *how well* for some time, however—at this writing. That territory now is our life's blood. It's like standing on a red ant hill, barefooted and blindfolded—waiting for them to start stinging—this waiting for reports of newsstand sales in the

(Continued on page 54)

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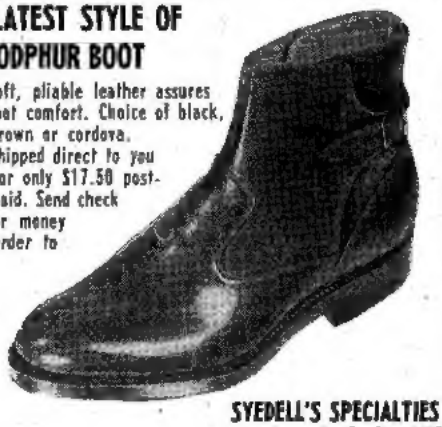

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Truly Western

Old-timers' Corral

Dear Norm:

Well, the old man is still alive and kicking and running true to form by writing you another long letter about a variety of subjects. It's the privilege of the aged to be garrulous, and to an extent YOU are responsible:

First it was the item in "Truly Western" about phony bad men written by Zoe Tilghman, and then—in the February issue—it was your own article about Jim Bridger.

I knew Al Jennings, also his brothers Ed and Frank. My brother and I were in Woodward, Oklahoma, when the Jennings brothers were opposing counsel in a suit versus Jack Love, stockman, ex-sheriff, and owner of large holdings south and west of Woodward. We were in the crowd gathered before the clapboard shack courthouse immediately following the start of the affair which resulted in the killing of Ed Jennings and the wounding of Frank. We did not hear the dispute. The word of spectators was that "One of them Jenningses called Temple Houston a liar and Houston will kill him soon's as he gets a gun."

Fred E. Holdredge, member Wyoming legislature, 1917-21, at age 37.

Tuesday night, October 7, 1894, the dispute between Temple Houston and the Jennings brothers came to a deadly climax. The story of the affair generally accepted was this: Temple Houston and Jack Love had gone into a saloon and seated themselves at a card table. The three Jennings brothers entered the card room, pistols blazing. Houston upset the card table upon Love, putting him momentarily out of the fight. Houston killed Ed Jennings, and wounded Frank Jennings, who later lost an arm. What part Al Jennings played in this gun fight, deponent knoweth not. According to the *Woodward News*, he was present with his brothers, but the paper gave no account of his actions.

Despite all stories to the contrary, Al Jennings did *not* kill Temple Houston and several other men in a gun fight in a small town south of Woodward. I doubt that Al ever saw Houston after the shooting in Woodward.

Temple Houston, a son of General Sam Houston of Texas fame, was an able lawyer, a noted orator, a gentleman and a brave and loyal friend. He, in company with Judge Dean and S. B. Lawn, often came to our farm home north of Woodward to shoot quail, visit with my father and eat watermelons. Temple Houston's life was written into the character *Cimarron*, in the book by Edna Ferber. His son, Dick Houston, still lives in Woodward, Oklahoma.

To add to Mrs. Tilghman's letter on Jennings: Al's opinion of Hollywood production of wild West and frontier life can in no way equal his own wildly imaginative opinion of himself and his life experiences.

Just a few notes on your Jim Bridger yarn and I will close.

I have among my sixteen millimeter camera film reels a picture of Jim's daughter, Virginia, as she alighted from a train bringing her from the old Bridger home to Thermopolis, Wyoming. Mrs. Minnie Brown, who in some way had been associated with the Bridger family, had learned of the dire circumstances in which Virginia was living out the closing years of her life. She solicited funds from Thermopolis old-timers and others. She proposed to bring Virginia to Thermopolis, where, among Minnie Brown's warm-hearted friends, she could spend her remaining years. It was at Minnie's request that I met the train the day Virginia arrived and took pictures, a few feet of movie film showing Virginia and Minnie Brown. I was introduced to Virginia and visited with her and Minnie on several occasions during the time she was in Thermopolis.

Serving in the Wyoming legislature, session of 1917, I was one of those who supported an appropriation bill to move "The Jim Bridger Cabin" from old Fort Bridger to Pioneer Park, in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where it may yet be seen and is visited annually by hundreds of tourists.—Fred E. Holdredge, Route 6, Caldwell, Idaho.

Thanks, Fred, for your fine letter. Details like this fill in the chinks in our efforts to present to our readers a truthful, accurate picture of the old West, and we are grateful to you and to all the other grand old-timers who have written us. The pity is that space limitations prevent us from publishing all the good letters we receive. Guess we'll just have to talk ol' Joe into publishing a third magazine devoted entirely to letters!

Ah, there, Miss Kitty!

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading your editorial about other publishers starting Western magazines, and the bunk about people "not wanting the truth, but just wanting to *think* it's the truth." That's a very short-sighted policy, for I'm sure there are other young people like myself who have grandparents and even great-grandparents living today that tell us young 'uns the truth about the old West.

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My chief gripe with Western movies and TV series is the way in which they dress the girls. My grandparents have told me that even the bad girls of the old West never dressed the way nice girls are portrayed in Western movies and TV shows. Just when I am enjoying a good Western movie that *could* have happened, out comes a broad so decollete that one wonders why they bothered to dress her at all. And, if that isn't bad enough, she is usually in a covered wagon crossing the plains and fighting Indians!

I do hope you can interest some farsighted producer in a *True West* TV series. If so, please keep in mind true Western attire.—L. D. Cox, 1526 Gifford, Bell, California.

Well now, L. D., we hope so, too. If and when we do, you can bet the gals will be dressed like frontier women and not graduates from a Broadway chorus line. But it seems that without gunslingers, bad men, cattle kings, the "good guys chasing the bad guys" and females in low-cut gowns, a Western TV script don't have a chance these days. Anyhow, we'll keep trying.

More on Al Jennings

Editor Truly Western:

Al Jennings says he knew Jesse James "personally." Being considered something of an expert on Jesse James, I'd like to point out that there is not the slightest evidence in the world that Al ever saw Jesse, let alone "knew" him. Al has an imagination that makes Jules Verne's seem roped and tied.—Homer Croy, 150 Pinehurst Avenue, New York 33, New York.

Treasure Hunters, Attention!

Dear Joe:

In regard to my inquiry concerning income tax on recovered buried treasure:

In reply to my letter to U. S. Treasury Department, I received the following from Los Angeles, October 29, 1958: "Dear Mr. Akins: The National Office held in revenue ruling 61, C.B., 1953-1, 17, that the finder of treasure trove is in receipt of taxable income to the extent of its value in U. S. currency, for the year in which it is reduced to undisputed possession. The ruling would apply to buried treasure.

"For information and regulation regarding the possession of gold, you may write to the U. S. Mint at San Francisco, California.

Yours very truly,
R. A. Riddell, District Director,
By S. G. Small, Group Supervisor."

Sent in by Lee R. Akins, 1020 Cravens Avenue, Torrance, California.

Gripe Department

Dear Norm:

Referring to my letter on Tom Mix in the December, 1958, issue of *True West*:

You have misquoted me. I did not say in my letter that Tom never used a double for stunts and it is not true. Although Mix was a good stunt man in his own right and did do a lot of his own stunts, he did not do them all. Earl Simpson, Ed Hendershot and Hank Durnell all were in stock with Tom and doubled for him from time to time over a period of years.

In one of Tom's early pictures with the Fox Company, Jim McTimmonds, a very good friend of mine, jumped a horse off the Santa Monica pier into the ocean doubling for Tom. He got twenty-five dollars for the stunt.

(Continued on page 58)

Slim Pickens

Don't let the name throw you. Slim, born Louis Lindley, was entering big time Rodeo when he was only 16. His Father objected to his Rodeo activity so each week he entered under a different name. One week he used the name Slim Pickens. The name stuck and ever since he has been known professionally as Slim Pickens. Slim filled in at a rodeo when a bullfighting clown failed to appear. He liked the job and set out to become Rodeo's greatest clown and bullfighter. In the past 12 years he has clowned and fought bulls in all of the famous Rodeos in North America.

In 1950 while clowning at a Rodeo, a movie man saw him and the next day Slim was given a screen test. Since then he has appeared in many movies and television films and is currently under contract to Walt Disney Studios. He stars as Old Bill Williams in "The Saga of Andy Burnett" on Disneyland. His picture credits include "Sheepman" and "Escort West". He has appeared on television in "Cheyenne" "Sugarfoot" and "Frontier Doctor" with Rex Allen. He is now filming "One Eyed Jacks" in which he co-stars with Marlon Brando and recently finished "Tonka". Slim is a movie star with a real western background. He wears Tony Lama boots exclusively. Slim says "Lama boots give me all I could ask for, they wear long and comfortably and the styling is authentic for movies or Rodeo.

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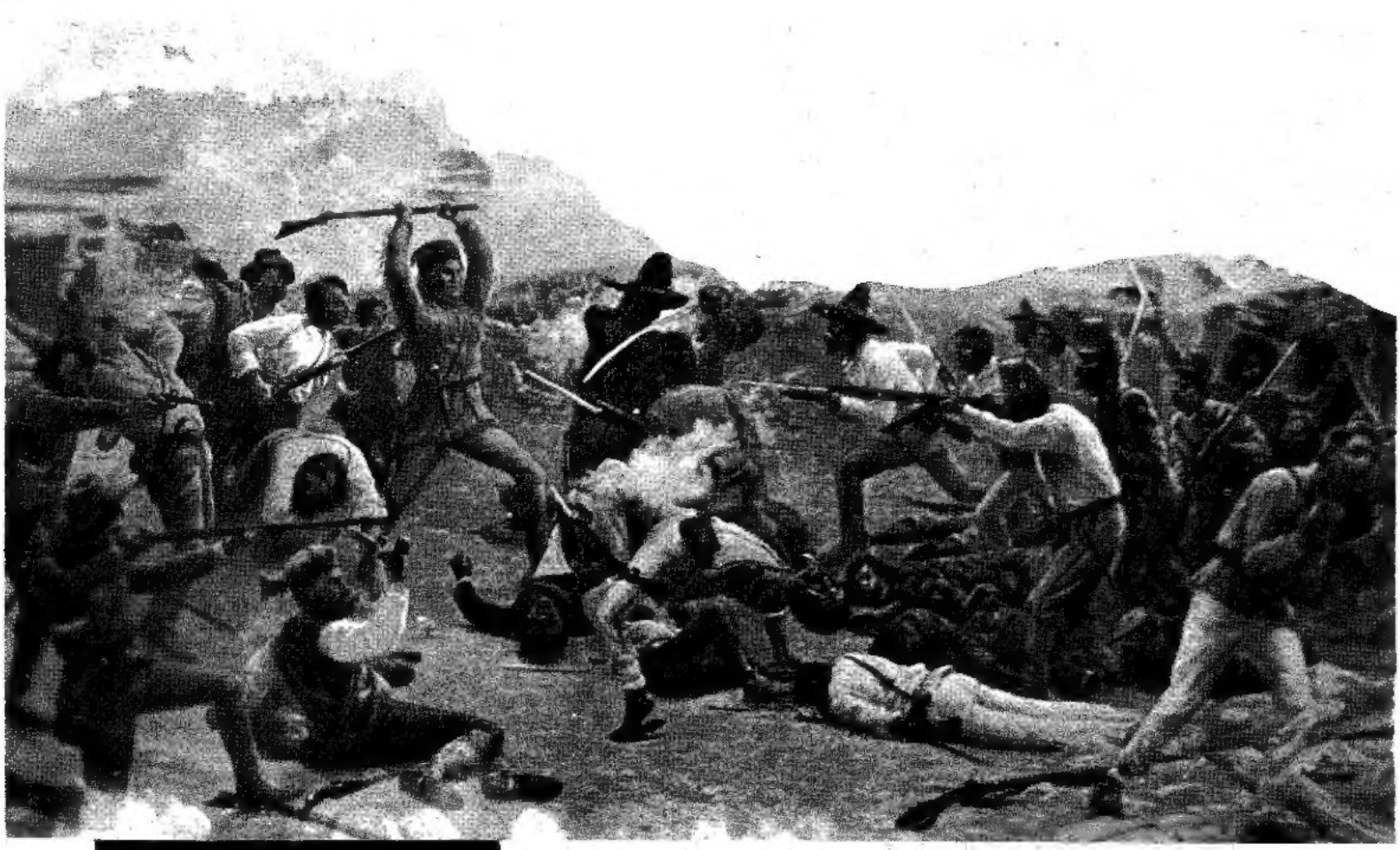

"The Battle of the Alamo," as painted by R. J. Onderdonk. The artist has done a good job of recreating the intensity of the battle.

A noted Texas writer investigates to see why there was

NO HELP FOR THE ALAMO

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Photos Courtesy Frontier Pictures

Author's Note:
Although Texas Independence Day (March 2) and San Jacinto Day (April 21) are legal holidays in Texas, the battle ending in the fall of the Alamo, without a single fighting Texan left alive, arouses more imagination than the two days combined that we Texans celebrate. The main facts about the battle are popularly known. A slight knowledge of these facts overwhelmed me with awe when I stepped into the Alamo fifty-three years ago. I have been back many times, but the feeling has never left me. Recently I made some study of the history leading up to the battle. Why the 180-odd men who died in the Alamo were not reinforced and furnished food, clothing and ammunition by the settlers is not popularly known. I determined to write an article on this subject. Here it is. —JFD

FOR more than two months in late 1835, a few hundred half-drilled Texas settlers had been camped outside San Antonio de Bexar. It was the heart of the Spanish country of Texas, far west of the English-speaking colonies. The town and the old Alamo mission church, which had long been used as a fort, were held by General Martin Perfecto de Cos with about 1,400 Mexican soldiers and more than twenty cannon. The Texans—who, since September had been in rebellion against the tyrannical rule of Gen. Lopez de Santa Anna—had only one or two. Cos was brother-in-law to Santa Anna, the dictator of Mexico. There had been several skirmishes—in one of which Jim Bowie's men killed sixty-seven Mexicans and lost only one man. Now was the time for a showdown.

"Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?"

Three hundred and one volunteers had answered the cry. At daybreak on the morning of December 5, 1835, they stormed the barricaded town. For four days and nights they fought from house to house, battering down doors and walls. Milam himself was killed. On the morning of December 9 all Mexicans not killed retreated inside the Alamo fortifications. Cos sent up a white flag. According to the terms of surrender, he and his forces retreated to the Rio Grande under promise not to return to Texas.

Thus ended what is sometimes called the First Battle of the Alamo. In the opinion of most of the attackers, the war was over. At Goliad, ninety-five miles down the San Antonio River, the Mexican garrison had been liquidated. Now not a single detachment of Santa Anna's troops was left in Texas. There had been no declaration of independence from Mexico, either—only of opposition to the dictatorship of Santa Anna.

Most of the settlers still acknowledged a kind of allegiance to the Mexico that had been governed under the liberal constitution of 1824, modeled on the Constitution of the United States. Now, although Santa Anna was still opposed by some die-hard Federalists (liberals) south of the Rio Grande, Mexico was under his totalitarian power. He had issued his plan to invade and subdue Texas. But after the victory over Cos, many Texans argued that Santa Anna had learned his lesson. Anyhow, he was a long way off.

The Texas fighting men were under oath to stay in the army. All during the weeks of delayed action at San Antonio, volunteers had been joining the army singly and in squads and leaving singly and in squads. When a change of command or plan of action dissatisfied them, they expressed their dissatisfaction by pulling out. No supply sys-

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tem furnished food, ammunition or anything else. The men had to live on the country, and the living was thin. By January of 1836, the majority of the volunteers had gone home to warm clothes, plenty of corn bread and fried salt bacon, and to their families and farm work. Only a handful stayed to hold the San Antonio fort.

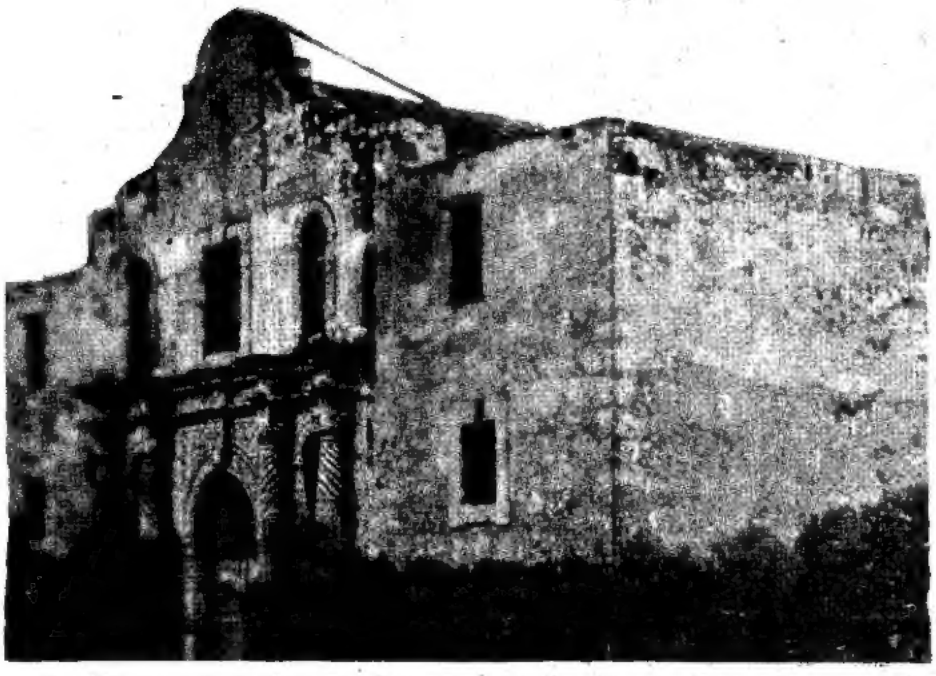
THE provisional government of Texas, proclaimed in November of 1835, was divided from the beginning between the radical provisional governor (Henry Smith) and the conservative provisional council, each claiming executive power. The two had united in making Sam Houston major general and commander-in-chief of all the armed forces, but Houston's vigorous moves to organize and discipline an army were cancelled by interference from the council. The fighting men furnished, mostly, their own arms. A few were enlisted as "regulars"; most of them were "volunteers."

The provisional governor wanted complete separation from Mexico. The provisional council wanted to seize Matamoros on the Mexico side of the Rio Grande near its mouth, control imports there, and ally with Mexicans supposed to be resisting Santa Anna. The governor was backed by Gen. Sam Houston, Col. James Bowie and, less decisively, by Col. William Barrett Travis. Col. James Fannin, a graduate of West Point, whose ambitions far exceeded his abilities, wanted to conquer Matamoros. He gained command of the main army with the council's support. The council deposed Governor Smith; the governor refused to be deposed. About the first of February, 1836, Houston, recognizing that he had in effect been supplanted by Fannin, took a leave of absence to make treaties with Indian tribes that Santa Anna's agents were trying to stir into a general uprising.

Meanwhile, citizens in the settlements, utterly disgusted with the no-government, showed a strange apathy. Not until March 1 would delegates elected by the municipalities meet at Washington-on-the-Brazos to declare independence and formulate a permanent government.

Stephen F. Austin, who had done more than all other colonizers combined to bring in settlers and make them prosperous and stable, did not have the qualities of a military leader. He had gone to the United States to raise money and men against despotism.

The Texas officials were offering a section of land to every American who would join in their fight, in addition to pay and the right to homestead more land. By January of 1836, hundreds of land-hungry and adventure-hunting Americans were coming in. Most of those who reached San Antonio during the lull succeeding the surrender of Cos, followed Colonel F. W. Johnson and a Scot named James Grant off on the Matamoros goose chase. They never got within a hundred miles of Matamoros. Meanwhile a division of Santa Anna's army took over the port and prepared to march up the coast into Texas to attack the Johnson-Grant force, which now was commanded by Fannin.



The Alamo as it stands today in modern-day San Antonio. Texans have made the building into a shrine, calling it the "Cradle of Texas Liberty."

Many Mexicans at San Antonio were against Santa Anna. They knew better than anybody else that Santa Anna was coming with a strong army. In December he proclaimed that all foreigners—volunteers from the United States and elsewhere—operating in Texas would be treated as pirates and that every colonist resisting him would lose his property, to say nothing of life. By the end of the year he had collected between 6,000 and 8,000 troops below the border.

AT the opening of the year 1836, Lt. Col. J. C. Neill commanded about 100 men in San Antonio. Leaders of the proposed Matamoros expedition had taken virtually all the medical supplies on hand, blankets and any clothing not on the bodies of the remaining soldiers. On January 16, Neill reported that his men were "almost naked," not having more than one shirt and one blanket apiece; that in four months they had received not one cent of pay; that he was short on good powder, but had plenty of small arms, cannon and lead—captured from Cos. Three thousand Mexican soldiers had already assembled at Laredo on the Rio Grande, he said—probably an overestimate. Twenty of his men were going to leave on the morrow.

"But," declared Neill, "if I have only 100 men, I will fight 1,000 as long as I can and then not surrender."

San Antonio had fallen into the hands of Texas volunteers early in December, 1835. Everybody knew that General San-

Here are the two principal antagonists of the Alamo siege. Left, Texas' Col. William Barret Travis and, right, the Mexican dictator, Gen. Lopez de Santa Anna.

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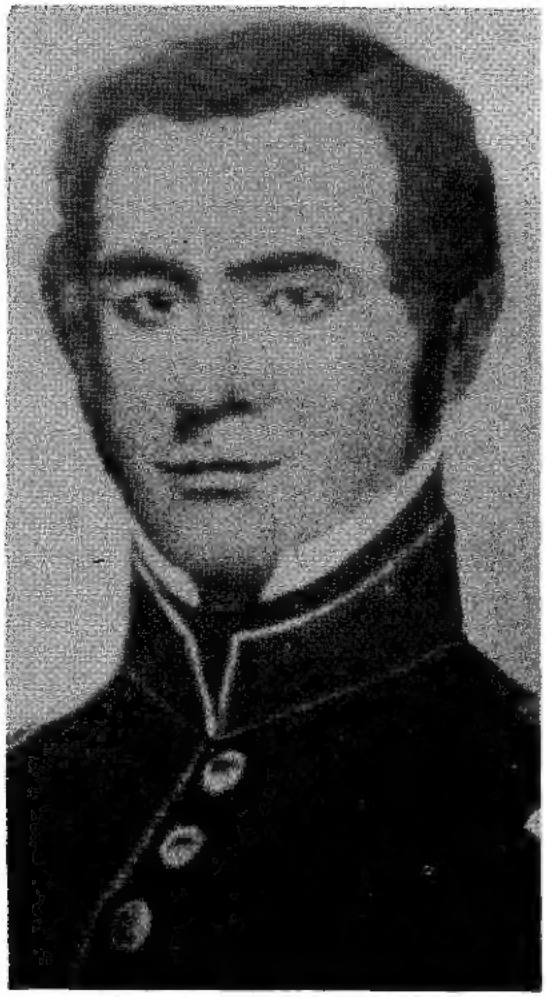

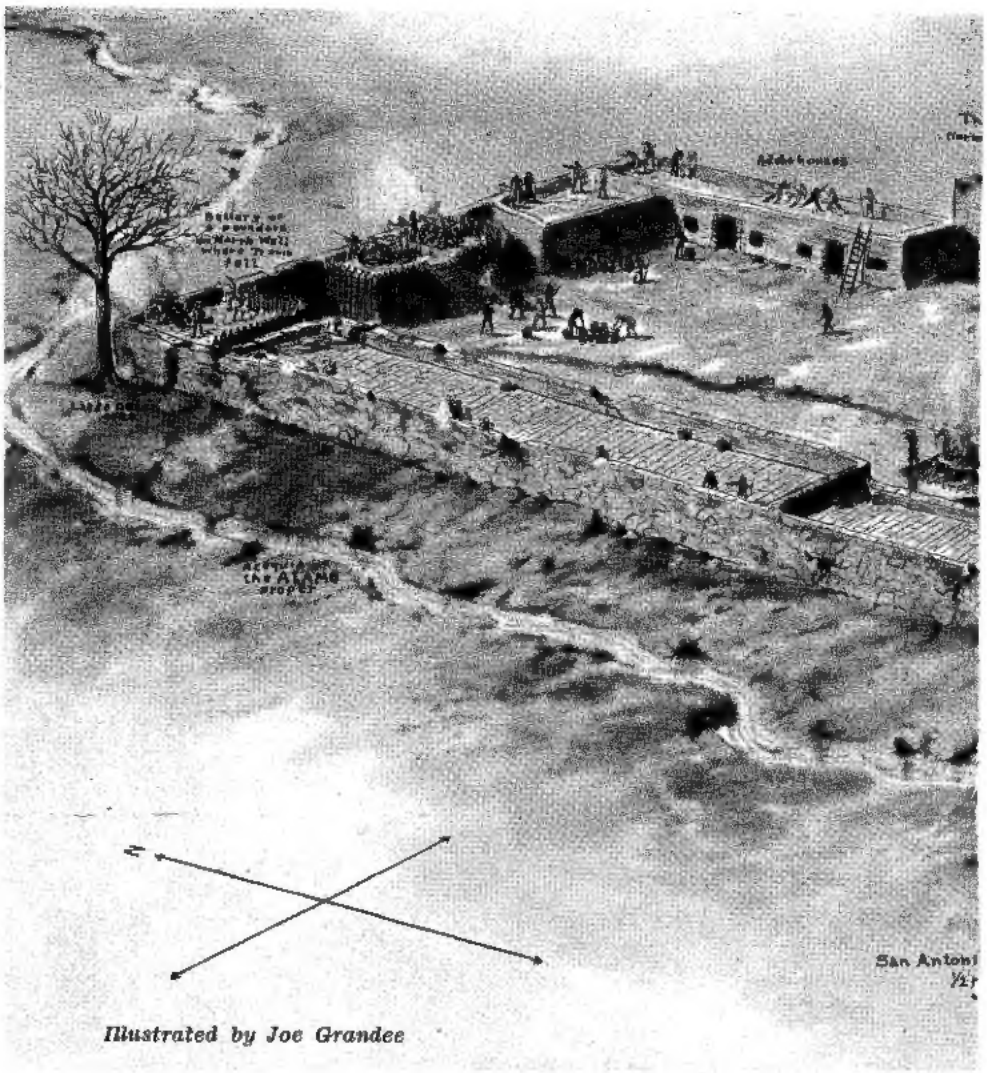

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

Above, Col. Ben Milam. Right, the siege. Below, James Bowie.

ta Anna was coming some day with a powerful army, but that day seemed far away, as he was down in Mexico. The volunteers without pay or supplies of any kind can hardly be blamed for tiring of waiting and pulling out.

While the garrison holding the Alamo was at its lowest ebb, Bowie arrived on January 19, 1836, with thirty men. It will be remembered that Bowie had taken part in the battle that drove Mexican forces from San Antonio. He had gone back east to the settlements. Now he brought orders from Gen. Sam Houston to blow up the Alamo, demolish all other fortifications, and take all ordnance and ordnance supplies for stands at Gonzales and at Copano, the nearest port on the coast.

Neill had already reported that teams could not be obtained for moving the cannon. His men had a good many horses, but had to keep them under herd on grass miles away from town.

On February 2, Bowie reported to the provisional governor: "The salvation of Texas depends in great measure in keeping Bexar (San Antonio) out of the hands of the enemy. It serves as the frontier picquet guard, and if it were in the possession of Santa Anna, there is no stronghold from which to repel him in his march toward the Sabine . . .

"Colonel Neill and myself have come to the solemn resolution that we will rather die in these ditches than give them up to the enemy. The return this day to the commandant shows only one hundred and twenty officers and men."

The very next day, February 3, Travis came in with twenty-five men. His commission was as lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the "regular" army; his men were mostly regulars.

On February 8, David Crockett arrived with sixteen "Tennessee boys." He told some anecdotes to the assembled welcomers and declared that he and his men were there to fight. He bore the rank of private, but his followers had elected him their colonel.

THREE days later Neill, called home by family sickness, turned over his command to Travis and left the Alamo.

Bowie considered that he outranked Travis. At forty he did not propose subordination to a twenty-seven-year-old novice. He was far older in experiences of fighting and leadership as well as in years.

The whole story of the Alamo is of men willing to die but not to obey.

On February 24, an illness, perhaps typhoid fever, perhaps pneumonia, perhaps something else, that had been coming up on him for days, put Bowie flat on a cot and left Travis in undisputed command.

What manner of men were these waiting to die in defense of "the key to Texas"?

The oldest was a Virginian named Robert Moore. He was fifty-five, against Crockett's fifty. The youngest may have been Carlos Espalier, seventeen, attached to Bowie. He and six or eight other Mexicans were the only native-born Texans present. In the ranks were at least fourteen natives of England, and about that many more from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany and Denmark combined. The great majority of the men had come to Texas from Southern

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states, but New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other Northern States were represented.

Capt. Almaron Dickerson, twenty-six, from Tennessee, commanded the artillery. He was the only soldier whose wife followed him into the Alamo. She became the chief messenger of defeat; their infant daughter has come down in history as "the Babe of the Alamo."

Travis, school teacher and lawyer from South Carolina, had been practicing law in Texas for five years. Six feet tall and rawboned, he had pulled ahead of most of the settlers in advocating a war of independence. He had reserve powers.

Houston rated Bowie ahead of all other Texas officers in "forecast, prudence and valor." Always riding, seeking, daring, not always prudent, he had been a man of affairs since eighteen. He stood an inch over six feet tall, all muscle and bone, spoke both French and Spanish, magnetized men and women alike.

Travis' best friend was Lt. James Butler Bonham, another military-minded lawyer. The two had been boyhood comrades in South Carolina.

Crockett's part in the Alamo was subordinate also, but his name was already well-known before he arrived. A few years back he had killed 105 bears in one season and got elected to the Tennessee legislature on his reputation. Then Davy went to Congress, where he was of little consequence but took a smart aleck stand against President Jackson. Federalist (Republican) politicians advertised him as a man of the Jacksonian soil of their side. Defeated for re-election, Crockett told voters that they could go to hell and he would go to Texas. Dying in the Alamo was his passport to fame.

OF the 40,000 or so visitors who now enter the Alamo monthly, few beyond specializing historians have a conception of the fortifications that Green Jameson's drawings of 1836 make clear. The Alamo church, with side rooms, was begun in 1744 and completed in 1757. Only five years later its two towers fell down and its convex roof caved in. It was not until 1848 that the U. S. Army re-roofed the chapel and put up its present facade.

In 1805 the walled-in patios and buildings attached to the church were occupied by Spanish troops, and thenceforth they were not used by military forces until the climactic battle.

The Alamo church faces west, toward the old town of Bexar. The north church wall formed part of a small courtyard. The tumbled remains of a strongly built convent formed the west wall of this courtyard. Walls twelve feet high enclosed the other two sides. The old convent rooms composed what was known as the long barracks. They were two stories high. At one corner was a kind of tower. To the west of church and barracks and projecting north and south of them, a rectangular courtyard covering nearly two acres was surrounded by strong walls, against which other barracks backed.

The main battle of the Alamo was in defense of the outer walls. After the Mexicans scaled them, the fiercest fighting was at the long barracks. The final stand of the defenders was in the chapel, the roofless walls of which stood twenty-two feet high and four thick. The debris of the fallen roof had been mounded up to serve as a platform for three twelve-pounder cannon. From fifteen to eighteen other cannon were mounted at strategic positions along the outer walls. The flag did not float from the church but from a kind of tower room at the southwest corner of the "long barracks."

Until Santa Anna's troops arrived, soldiers off duty spent a part of their time in town. There were "cantinas" (saloons), but money was so scarce that some men traded their rifles for firewater. Joe Hawkins wrote the lieutenant governor a letter interlarded with allusions to Cataline and Argus and concluding: "This morning after applying at headquarters I could not raise a bit (12½ cents) to pay for washing a shirt, and must go with a dirty one." Men often took long rides prospecting for land they intended to settle on. Rainfall was better adapted to farming farther east, but 1836 happened to be a rainy year and the farming country was far away. On the way to Texas, Crockett had already picked out his estate—"good land, plenty of timber, clear water springs, game a-plenty, bees and honey a-plenty."

EVERYBODY knew that Santa Anna was coming, but reports of his coming had been arriving for such a long time that every morning everybody considered that it would be another day, maybe weeks, before he arrived. Along in February Mexican families began

(Continued on page 38)

Photos Courtesy Frontier Pictures

Mission La Bahia at Goliad, Texas, site of the Goliad Massacre.

Here is a firsthand account of one of the most treacherous chapters in the fight for Texas

I Survived the Goliad Massacre

By ANDREW A. BOYLE

Editor's Note:

These recollections of the Texas revolution were dictated by Andrew A. Boyle in 1870 (just before his death) to his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Workman. Although Mr. Boyle's memory of certain details was inaccurate, his paper is important in two particulars—it added another witness to the list of Texas participants who testified that Fannin did not surrender at discretion, as General Urrea claimed, and it gives a firsthand account of the execution of wounded prisoners at Goliad. We found this article in the October, 1928, issue of our twin, FRONTIER TIMES.

ON the seventh day of January, 1836, at San Patricio de la Nueces, I enlisted in Captain Westover's battery (the first company of regular artillery in the Texas army). Our command was soon ordered to Goliad, where it was incorporated with the forces commanded by Colonel Fannin. Colonels Bowie and Crockett, then in command of the Alamo, sent a courier to Colonel Fannin in the latter part of February, asking him for reinforcements. A hundred men were at once detailed, and had crossed the San Antonio River on their way to the assistance of the doomed garrison, when they were recalled on account of a report brought in by a scout named "Comanche," of the advance of the Mexican army under General Urrea, toward San Patricio. The main body of the enemy, under Santa Anna, had marched directly from Laredo upon San Antonio.

Our commander, by the advice of "Comanche," determined to march to San Patricio, leaving one company in garrison at Goliad. The character of the scout was notoriously bad, and Colonel Fannin was informed of the fact, but gave no heed to the warning, although two of us volunteered to go to San Patricio and ascertain the truth of the report. Three days ration were distributed, and everything was in readiness to commence the march the next morning, when an American named Ayres arrived from the Old Mission, some fifteen miles distant in the direction of San Patricio, and brought some reliable news of the arrival of the Mexicans at that place, and of their maltreating all of the Americans there, bearing themselves with special insolence toward the women.

Colonel Fannin immediately dispatched Captain King with a party of twenty men to remove all American women and children to our forts. Captain King was surrounded by a superior force of the enemy, but cut his way through them and retreated to the Old Mission Church, from which point he sent a messenger to Colonel Fannin, stating his position and asking for reinforcements.

FANNIN sent Colonel Ward, with his Georgia Battalion, to King's assistance. On Ward's arrival at the Mission Church, a difference of opinions arose as to who should command the whole force. Not being able to come to any agreement, they separated, Ward retreating in a southeasterly direction for some distance, and then striking for the San Antonio River with the intention of joining us. King got out of the church, and after a skirmish with the Mexicans retreated on the direct road to Goliad. He and his men were taken prisoners, tied together with rawhide, and immediately shot.

We heard of the surrender and killing of King and his men, and the retreat of Colonel Ward in the direction above mentioned, and were in daily expectation of Ward's command arriving at Goliad. About the eighth or ninth of March

we heard of the fall of the Alamo and the killing of Colonel Bowie and Crockett and all their men. Colonels Bowie and Crockett having refused all propositions for surrender or capitulation, the garrison held out until reduced to seven men, who asked for quarter and were refused.

On March 17 the enemy appeared on the opposite side of the river. We sent over a skirmishing party of one company (under Captain Shackelford's command, I think) who had an engagement with the enemy, we watching from the ramparts with the most intense anxiety. They were recalled by Colonel Fannin, after the enemy's retreat to the Old Mission Church. On the following day the enemy appeared in force at the same place, and orders were given by Colonel Fannin to bake bread sufficient for several days, and carry dried beef sufficient for the same length of time.

The guns were taken down from the bastions, and orders were also given to be ready to march before daylight in the morning. From cause unknown to me, we did not evacuate the fort until between eight and nine o'clock the next morning. We marched down the river and crossed at a ford below, which was effected without difficulty. Our object in crossing at the lower instead of the upper ford in front of the Old Mission, was to avoid, if possible, an action with the enemy (they outnumbering us at least six to one) and to get to the interior of Texas and join Houston's army. We continued our march until we crossed a creek called Manawee (Manahuilla), distant from the crossing about three miles. We traveled slowly, our cannon and baggage wagons being drawn by oxen. A halt was called and we ate some breakfast.

After breakfast the march was continued, nothing new transpiring until about half past twelve o'clock. The Mexicans were then described on our left and rear, their cavalry approaching us rapidly, seemingly with the intention of cutting us off from the timber of the Colet Creek. They fired a few shots at us, when Colonel Fannin exclaimed (I was standing close by him at the time), "that's a signal for battle; I won't retreat another foot."

We then unlimbered our pieces, being six in number, formed ourselves into a hollow square, placing the baggage wagons, hospital wagons and magazine in the center. We remained in this position five or ten minutes, when Colonel Fannin, seeing clearly the main object of the enemy was to cut us off from the timber, ordered us to limber up again and continue the march. We left the road, marching in an oblique direction to the left toward the timber, when within, as well as I can recollect, three quarters of a mile or one mile of the timber, the enemy's infantry overtook us and we were obliged to halt. We formed as previously, our little force then not numbering more than 311 men, maintained an action from half past one o'clock p.m., and fought until near dark, when the enemy retreated, leaving twenty-five of us killed and wounded.

I had been shot in the right leg about half past three in the afternoon. Our real trouble commenced after the retreat of the enemy and arose principally from the want of water, from which the wounded especially suffered severely. A few of our men dug for water while the rest were throwing up entrenchments, as we expected to renew the battle the following day. In the fight just finished we had killed our oxen and used the carcasses for breastworks.

I lay that night near Colonel Fannin who had been slightly wounded in the thigh. I remember his good-naturedly offering me his "good leg for a pillow." In the morning the Mexicans again advanced, largely reinforced from General Santa Anna's division, and well supplied with artillery. After firing a few round shot, all of which passed over our heads, they hoisted a white flag, which we answered. A consultation of officers was held, at which it was concluded to capitulate, as preferable to attempting to prolong a hopeless struggle. Our wounded men were on our hands and suffering; we had no means of caring for them, and Colonel strongly expressed his determination not to abandon them.

Two officers from each army then met in parley and agreed upon articles of capitulation, guaranteeing our lives and personal property. We agreed to give up all government in our exchange or be sent to the United States, upon parole never to return to Texas. These articles were signed by both parties, and the surrender was completed. Those of our command able to march were at once taken to Goliad, the wounded waiting two or three days for Mexican carts Our sufferings were intense, on account of the heat of the sun, thirst, and want of medical attendance

Upon our arrival at Goliad we—the wounded —were placed in the hospital; the rest of the command was guarded in the yard of the fort. Just one week after the surrender, all wounded men were marched out of the fort in separate divisions and shot. Soon after, a Mexican officer came into the hospital and ordered me to tell all those able to walk to go outside. I interpreted for him, and the men commenced gathering up their blankets. In the meantime four Mexican soldiers came in and began to carry out those too severely wounded to walk. I was assisted by two comrades who were slightly wounded.

As we passed the door the officer told me we were all to be shot. This I told the men. The wounded were placed in the corner of the yard upon which the church door fronts.

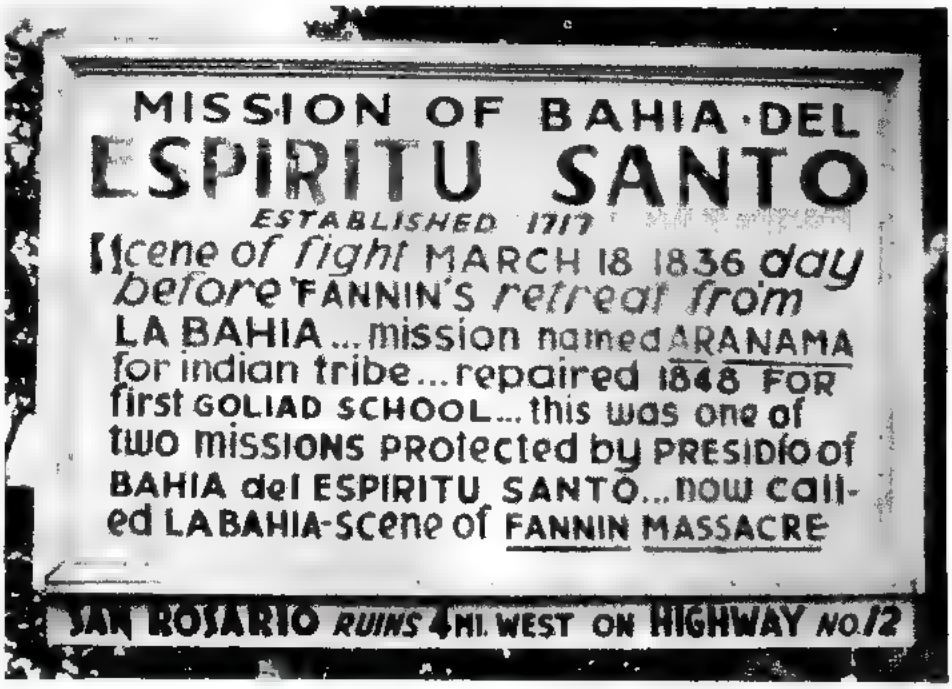
A company of soldiers formed in front of us and loaded their pieces with ball cartridge. Then a file of men under a corporal took two of our number, marched them out toward the company, and after bandaging their eyes made them lie with their faces to the ground, after which, placing the muzzles close to their heads, shot them as they lay. At this time an officer, apparently one of distinction, came into the yard and asked in a loud voice, in English, whether anyone named Boyle was there or not. I was near him as he entered and answered at once. He ordered an officer to take me to an officer's hospital and have my wound attended to, saying that he would call upon me there.

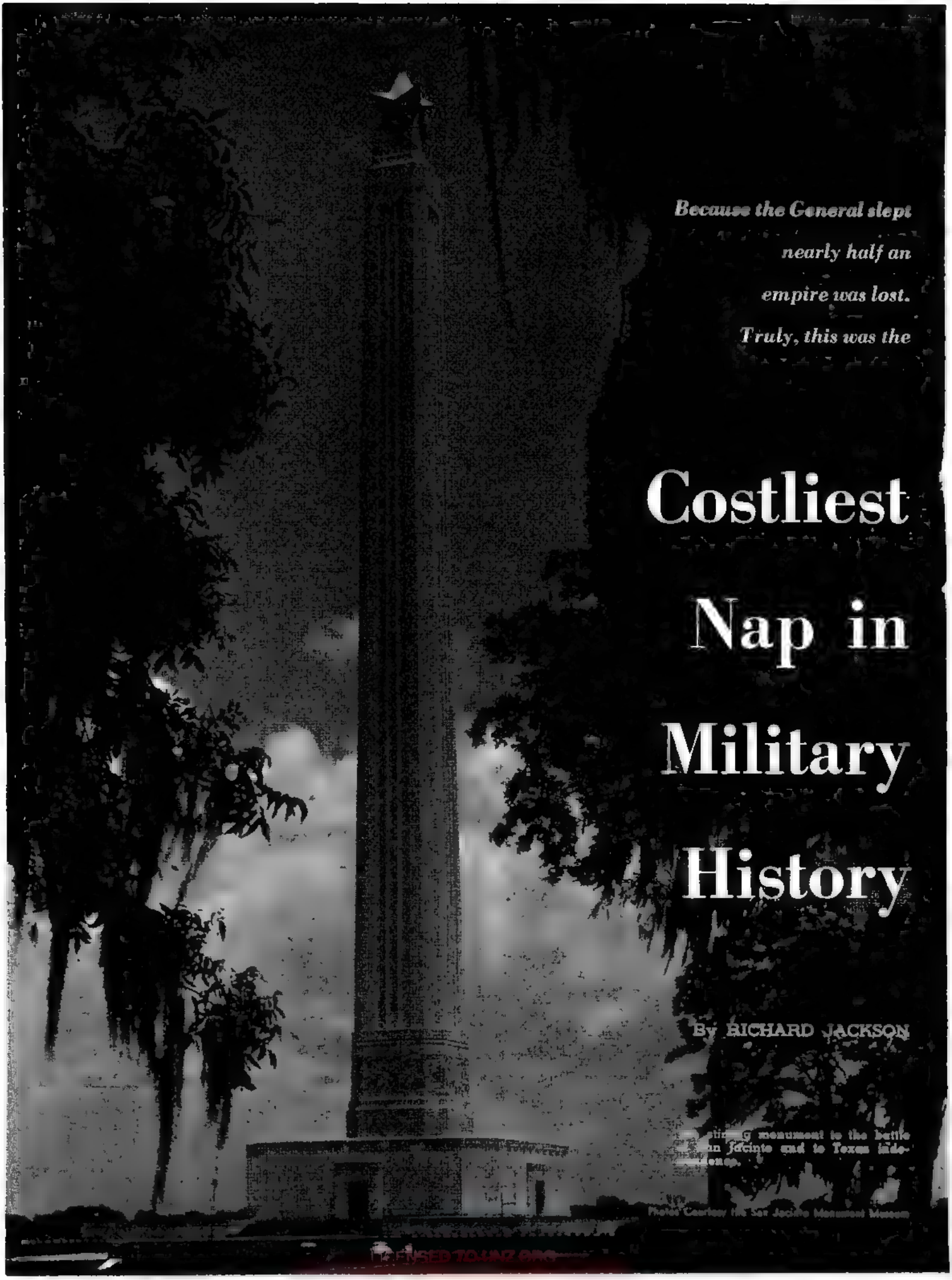
WHEN I arrived at the hospital, the Mexican officers seemed kindly disposed to me, and gave me a pair of "armas de pelo" to lie on. Mr. Brooks, aide to Colonel Fannin, was there at the time, with his thigh badly shattered near the hip. I found him entirely ignorant of what was going on. Upon being informed, he said, "I suppose it will be our turn next." In less than five minutes four Mexicans carried him out, cot and all, placed him in the street, not fifteen feet from the door, in a position I could not avoid seeing him, and there shot him. His body was instantly rifled of his gold watch, stripped, and thrown into a pit at the side of the street. Colonel Ward and his command, who had been captured between the Lavaca and Navidad Rivers a few days after our surrender, were also shot. The whole number of men thus barbarously executed was, according to the Mexican report, 417.

A few hours after the murder of Mr. Brooks, the officer who had asked for me in the yard came into the hospital Addressing me in English, he said,

(Continued on page 48)

Road sign at Goliad telling the history of La Bahia and the Goliad Massacre.


MISSION OF BAHIA·DEL
ESPIRITU SANTO
ESTABLISHED 1717
Scene of fight MARCH 18 1836 day
before FANNIN'S retreat from
LA BAHIA ... mission named ARANAMA
for indian tribe ... repaired 1848 FOR
first GOLIAD SCHOOL ... this was one of
two MISSIONS PROTECTED by PRESIDIO of
BAHIA del ESPIRITU SANTO ... now called LA BAHIA-Scene of FANNIN MASSACRE
SAN ROSARIO RUINS 4 MI. WEST ON HIGHWAY NO. 12



Because the General slept nearly half an empire was lost. Truly, this was the

Costliest Nap in Military History

By RICHARD JACKSON

...stirring monument to the battle ...an Jacinto and to Texas inde- ...dence.

Photos Courtesy the San Jacinto Monument Museum

TWO armies faced each other. Both were small. When they drew their battle lines on April 20, 1836, neither force exceeded 1,000 men. Both were near exhaustion, and so, on that first day there was little real fighting. A brief and ineffective artillery exchange led to an equally brief and inconclusive clash of cavalry. Then both sides withdrew for a night's rest. The larger force threw up a temporary breastworks built of its baggage and wagons. Tired sentries on both sides watched through the night.

On the morrow would come the battle, and—whatever the outcome—both sides knew that it would be final. It would end the war and decide the fate of a rich but thinly settled empire.

The army of Mexico was supremely confident. It was commanded by General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the most brilliant military leader the country had yet produced. The adulation of a solid majority of the eight million people of Mexico had recently made him president. In reality, he was a military dictator, and his cold-blooded ruthlessness was fast becoming as well-known as his military skill.

Santa Anna's enemies called him a butcher of men, and his savage suppression of a minor rebellion in the Mexican province of Zacatecas just before he had come to Texas bore out this characterization. Since entering Texas, Santa Anna had reduced the Alamo, the Texans' strongest fortress. The victory had been won at great cost, but none of the Texans survived. Sick and wounded were killed with the few able-bodied men of its dauntless defenders.

Another Spanish force, under General Urrea, had clashed with some 300 Texans at Coleto Creek, taking most of them prisoner when they ran out of ammunition. Santa Anna ordered General Urrea to violate the promise of good treatment given the Texans in the terms of surrender. Instead of sending them back to the United States, Urrea had every man shot.

These double massacres had terrified the civilian population of Texas, just as the ruthless dictator intended. Apparently the last Texas army he faced here at San Jacinto was equally terrified, for it had been retreating for a month.

Santa Anna was utterly confident of victory. Now the stupid and cowardly rebels had trapped themselves, backed into a little woods on the edge of a small plain which the heavy spring rains of south Texas had made into an island. It remained only for the trap to be sprung on the morrow. Reinforcements had been ordered up, and as soon as they arrived he would destroy the pitiful little army which opposed them. Then back to a conquering hero's welcome in Mexico City! Santa Anna checked the disposition of his sentries, called to his orderly for opium, and fell into deep, drugged sleep.

Opposite the Mexican camp, the Texans were engaged in a heated argument. Officers and men alike damned the commander, some within his hearing, for not allowing the cavalry clash of the afternoon to grow into a general battle. In fact, it was to goad the Mexicans into immediate battle that Colonel Sidney Sherman had asked to lead the cavalry out in the first place. Sherman was the most military-looking officer in the rag-tag little army, having the only real uniform in it. His many friends believed that he deserved command of the army instead of the present leader, whom all agreed was far too timid.

SHERMAN had asked permission to reconnoiter, which the commander cheerfully granted. Once the cavalry was out in the open, Sherman led it against the one Mexican cannon, a twelve-pounder which seemed to be lightly defended. Immediately the Mexican cavalry rushed to meet him, and, as the two forces engaged, a column of infantry streamed out to support the Mexican horsemen. Olwyn Trask, one of the Texas cavalrymen, was severely wounded but managed to stay on his horse and get back to the Texan camp.

Walter P. Lane, a teen-aged Virginian, was unseated from his horse and received minor wounds. As the Mexicans moved to encircle Lane, and finish him, another Texan dashed to the rescue. He was Mirabeau Bonaparte Lamar, an immigrant from Georgia who had joined the Texas army only a few days before. Lamar shot the Mexican nearest Lane, and the wounded boy managed to get up behind another Texan and escape with the rest of the cavalry.

Sherman had expected that once a fight started the Texan infantry would be sent to his support. The Texan commander failed to send the foot soldiers forward, and Sherman was forced to fall back. Furthermore, to his angry amazement, he was promptly removed from command of the cavalry. The C.O. had seen Sherman lead his men into a virtual trap and he had also observed Lamar's spirit and bravery in helping to extricate them from a dangerous position. Lamar was brevetted a colonel on the spot and given command of the cavalry.

Such crisp decisions had been utterly foreign to the Texan commander to that moment. Forty-three years old, he had enjoyed a brief success in American politics a few years before, but had since renounced public life and sunk to a besotted existence in the Cherokee Indian Nation on the Arkansas River. Nothing in Sam Houston's record predicted a military hero in the making. But there were intangible factors that indicated the possibility.

He had been in only one battle, twenty-three years before at Horseshoe Bend, Alabama. There he had fought bravely, sustaining two serious wounds.

He had become a general in Tennessee, during his rapid rise under the tutelage of Andrew Jackson and William Carroll. There he had been general of the state militia. He had never led a real army, and the rag-tag mob he commanded on this battlefield gave little evidence that he was leading one now. Certainly the odds were stacked against him. He knew that they were.

Yet Sam Houston was a reading man and a thinking man. In his favor was his unmatched knowledge of men, their weaknesses and habits. Some tricks of strategy and tactics he had learned from Andy Jackson, others he had gleaned from Caesar's *Commentaries*. For the first time in his career he had a chance to put them to use. He didn't intend to waste the opportunity.

Sam Houston sat up very late that night, as was his habit. He did not drink. He thought, and perhaps he prayed. Finally he retired, his battle plan for the coming day fully formed in his mind. He left strict orders that he was not to be disturbed.

At sunrise the next morning, the Texan camp fell out to reveille. But Sam Houston slept on, enjoying the first real night's rest he had had since taking command of the army early in March at Gonzales. The men were tense and restless, eager to fight. Yet Houston slept until the sun was well up. When he arose, he made the dramatic comment, "The sun of Austerlitz has risen again!". The cryptic remark meant nothing to the many men of his command unversed in European history. While they waited for some sign of positive action against the Mexicans, Houston lounged about his tent seemingly unconcerned. The rumors about his timidity started flying afresh.

ABOUT nine o'clock that morning General Cos, Santa Anna's brother-in-law, rode into the Mexican camp with 540 picked men, the cream of the Mexican army. The troops were tired out by the forced marches which had brought them so quickly from another Mexican army to the northwest of Santa Anna. Observing their fatigue, the Mexican commander languidly decided to postpone battle for another day.

Scout Erastus (Deaf) Smith had spotted the arrival of the Mexican reinforcements and carried the news to Houston. The C.O., afraid that his men would panic if they realized the odds against them, quietly announced that Smith had been fooled by one of the oldest tricks in warfare. Santa Anna, declared Houston, was simply marching some of his troops around and around a rise in the prairie, to fool and frighten the Texans.

Smith rode out of the Texan camp again for another look, returning to agree poker-faced that Houston was right. The men whooped at the foxy trick pulled on Smith. Secretly, the scout gave Houston an accurate estimate of the troops that had been added to the enemy camp. The odds against the Texans were now almost two to one. The commander received the ominous news in grim silence. Mentally, he made a slight change in his battle plan. He had just written a letter to his good friend Henry Raguet, announcing that he was ready to go into battle and that he stood ready to take all responsibility for the defeat if the Texans lost.

A short distance across the prairie, Santa Anna was congratulating himself that now nothing could save the Texans. His breastworks, along with the new troops, had made his own position impregnable. He could now choose his time and annihilate the Texans. Soon he would add another brilliant victory to his record: Vera Cruz, Tampico, Zacatecas, the Alamo, and on the morrow San Jacinto. The last victory would be the most important of all, for it would crush the last resistance to his military dictatorship in all of Mexico.

At twenty-six, Santa Anna had served an unbelievable eighteen years in the royal Spanish armies. He had loyally fought against any expression of Mexican nationalism. Then—always the shrewd opportunist—he had changed sides, and a few years later the last Spanish troops had been expelled from Mexico.

Santa Anna had been a military hero, securing his fame by leading the siege of the Royalist stronghold in Tampico during the last Spanish effort to subjugate Mexico in 1829. The Spaniards capitulated and went home—and Santa Anna had insured the freedom of his

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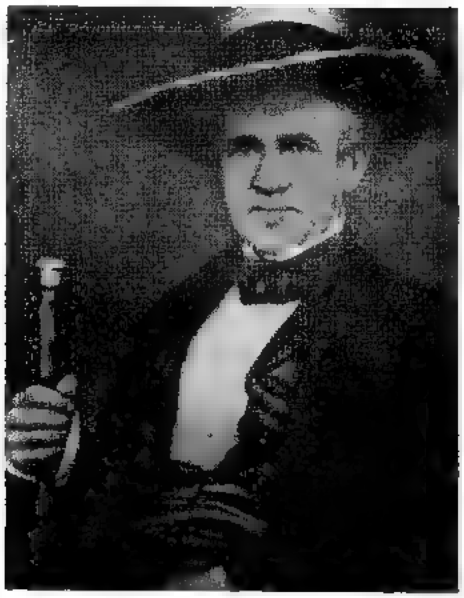


Texas Gen. Sam Houston, victor at San Jacinto.

country! He was the man of the hour, and the resultant wave of popularity swept him triumphantly into the presidency.

Now he was about to fight his greatest battle, a climactic struggle that would fittingly crown his career and make him the undisputed ruler of all Mexico. All that remained was to let his tired troops refresh themselves in slumber while he leisurely completed his plan of battle. Then, that night or early the next day, the victory would be his.

After closeting himself with his officers, deciding tactics for the coming battle, Santa Anna ate a belated lunch. Then he and all his staff retired for their customary siesta.

IN his tent, Sam Houston was wide-awake. He knew that this was the hour for the Mexican siesta and he felt sure that the officers would not miss their naps. He guessed correctly that the 540 new troops would also be sleeping off the bone-wearying fatigue of their forced march. Shrewdly he calculated that many of the common soldiers would be taking siestas, too, once they were sure the officers were asleep. He had great faith in the deadly marksmanship of his own troops and knew that they were veritable demons in hand-to-hand fighting. The hour had come to strike the final blow for Texas independence!

Just after three p.m., Houston ordered his men paraded. Deaf Smith and another scout had been dispatched a few minutes earlier to destroy Vince's Bridge, and now he could reveal his battle plan to his troops.

The destruction of the bridge would effectively cut off further reinforcements from reaching Santa Anna during the battle, and also eliminated the Mexicans' most obvious means of retreat. The open prairie to their southwest was still accessible, but any retreat in that direction would lead away from any hope of succor from other Mexican forces known to be operating to the north along the Brazos.

Houston addressed the men briefly, and then gave the officers their orders. Colonel Lamar, with the sixty Texan cavalrymen, was placed on the extreme right of the battle line. He was to lead his men around the hill which formed the site of the main Mexican camp, and strike the enemy from the south. This maneuver was little more than a feint to draw the attention of the Mexicans from the main Texan advance on their front.

The 700 foot soldiers were spread in a thin double line over a thousand yards wide. Lieutenant Colonel Millard's infantry company was immediately to Lamar's left. Then came the Texas artillery—composed solely of two iron six-pounders—which, due to its limited range, would have to be wheeled far forward before it could effectively open fire. Col. George W. Hockley, who had served throughout the campaign as Houston's aide and secretary, commanded the cannon, which had been named "The Twin Sisters."

Col. Edward Burleson, an old Indian fighter and himself a past commander of a victorious Texas army, led the first regiment in the center. Colonel Sherman, still inwardly seething over his

Mirabeau B. Lamar, a hero in the battle of Texas independence.

Photos Courtesy Frontier Pictures

removal as commander of the cavalry, commanded the second regiment on the extreme left.

Houston addressed his troops briefly and eloquently before the advance jumped off, assuring them that victory would be theirs. He cautioned them not to fire until his order. He closed with a ringing call for them to remember the ruthless slaughter of their friends and comrades in the Alamo and at Goliad. He gave the Texans a new and blood-stirring battle cry: "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

With a striking gesture, Houston ordered the two-piece military band to strike up. Lacking appropriate martial music, the fifer and drummer played a popular American love song of the day, "Will You Come to the Bower?" Astride his white horse, Houston drew his sword and gave the command, "Forward!"

THE Texans advanced, stepping in time to the music. The commander rode in front, keeping a constant check upon the itching trigger-fingers of his men. His steady "Hold your fire! Hold your fire!" became almost a chant as he fought to make his troops save their precious first shots until they came within effective range of the enemy. Even after a light, scattering fire broke out from the Mexican breastworks, he held them in control by the sheer example of his courage.

As the Texan cavalry struck in the Mexican rear, the first heavy volley was fired by the enemy at the advancing Texan infantry. The Mexicans were not crack marksmen; most of the bullets flew wild. Houston's sword swept down in the signal to fire, and the sharpshooting Texans opened up to take a terrible toll of the foe.

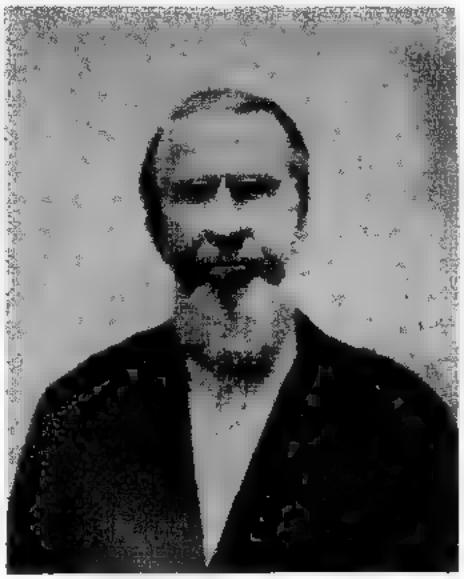
By this time the whole Mexican camp, even Santa Anna, was awake. The sleep-befuddled officers rushed wildly about trying to rally and inspire equally sleep-befuddled men. Col. Juan Almonte, commanding Santa Anna's cavalry, rallied nearly 500 troopers in a grove of trees to one side of the camp. Here he hoped to mount a charge that would turn the tide of battle. It was a forlorn hope; Almonte's men were too frightened and bewildered by the sudden, savage Texan assault to even think of counterattacking. The gallant colonel could not budge them and finally was forced to surrender them in a body.

Now the enraged Texans were up and over the Mexican breastworks, laying about them with clubbed rifles (they had no bayonets) and Bowie knives. The Twin Sisters had been fired with deadly effect, tearing a gaping hole in the Mexican breastworks and the line of riflemen huddled behind it. The guns were loaded with pieces of horseshoes and any old scrap metal that was available. The Texan gunners had no such refinements of warfare as grapeshot.

The Mexican cannoneers had all been cut down before their field-piece could be fired even once. General Castrillon, who had led the final assault on the Alamo, was killed by the oncoming wave of Texans as he tried vainly to rally a few Mexican riflemen to protect the cannon.

The bugle on the Mexican left flank, nearest where the Texan cavalry struck, had awakened Santa Anna from his siesta. Other bugles quickly sounded, calling the Mexican troops to battle, but

(Continued on page 34)



Sion R. Bostick, who was one of the men involved in the capturing of Santa Anna.

Frank French

"Remember Custer!"

By ELTON HOWARD

A chance meeting, sixty-four years later, brings to light information not included in the government reports of the Wounded Knee Massacre

Author's Note:

There are two sides to this story and it is well to remember that on one side were soldiers itching to avenge the annihilation of Custer and his men at the Little Big Horn fourteen years before; and on the other side weary, hungry Indians frightened for their lives. I will present the government's side first. —E. H.

THE text of one of the government reports of the Wounded Knee Massacre follows. The action took place at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota.

"Colonel Forsythe arrived December 29 (1890), with 470 troops. Big Foot (the chief) lay in his tepee sick with pneumonia. The Indians, who expected to be killed, raised their plaintive death chant. Then, all at once, they changed it to their war song. Before the soldiers knew it, they (the Indians) drew their rifles from under their blankets and opened fire on the troops. Those Indians who had no guns rushed upon the soldiers with tomahawks and scalping knives. It was the last desperate death-struggle of brave men who believed they were about to be massacred.

"The fight lasted over one hour. Captain Wallace and seven men were killed and fifteen wounded. The slaughter among the Indians was terrible, as they were outnumbered three or four to one. The troops of the Seventh Cavalry fought as only men with a revengeful grievance could, with the cry 'Remember Custer!'

"The instant the attack began, the soldiers, maddened at the sight of their fallen comrades, hardly waited for a command. The whole camp was a sheet of fire. The Indians fell on all sides like grain before the scythe. The wounded fought on the ground; it was a war of extermination. Big Foot was lying in his tepee, dying of pneumonia, when the battle began. He slowly drew himself up, but had hardly reached an erect position when at least twenty bullets struck him and he pitched forward dead. His squaw rose to her feet with a Winchester rifle in her hand, when a bullet struck her in the heart and she went rolling down the hill . . .

"Col. James W. Forsythe was relieved of his command by Gen. Nelson A. Miles for his part in this massacre."

So much for the government's side of this dark picture in our nation's history. Let me now present the view of a young man who looked upon the scene of this grim tragedy two days after its occurence.

Nineteen-year-old Frank French, ten years my senior, spent January 31, 1890, helping two soldiers pick up 152 frozen bodies of the Sioux Indians massacred by Colonel Forsythe and his troops. Two hundred miles east, at our ranch home, my twelve-year-old brother and myself were enjoying the holiday festivities, but there was little joy in Frank's heart as he went about his gruesome task. He and the soldiers loaded the corpses into a mule-drawn wagon and hauled them to their last resting place, a ditch about nine by thirty feet and six feet deep. These Indians were of Big Foot's band of Sioux, who had been ordered to Wounded Knee to be disarmed by U.S. troops and had been massacred instead.

IN 1954, sixty-four years later, as I was standing on a corner in Encanto, California, I looked up the street and saw Mr. French coming toward me down the hill. Eighty-three years old, he was almost blind and walked with a cane. I had met him a short time before, heard a part of his story of the Wounded Knee Massacre, and was eager to hear more.

I called out "Hello, Mr. French!" as he approached. He stopped, smiled, spat, wiped his mouth and seemed ready to talk.

"You remember me, Mr. French," I said. "Tell me, what kind of men were those soldiers at Wounded Knee?"

He spat again, reflected for a moment, then slowly replied: "A rotten type of inhuman beings. Some of the soldiers in them days was outlaws and ruffians caught by the law. They were given their choice of going in the Army or going to jail. They always took the Army. Of course, there were some good men, but the bad type predominated. It was a disgrace to invite them to a private home or to any public gathering. And all that talk of the Indians having Winchesters! Why, the Indians

(Continued on page 64)

Frank French, right, helping two soldiers load the dead Indians onto a wagon at the massacre site.

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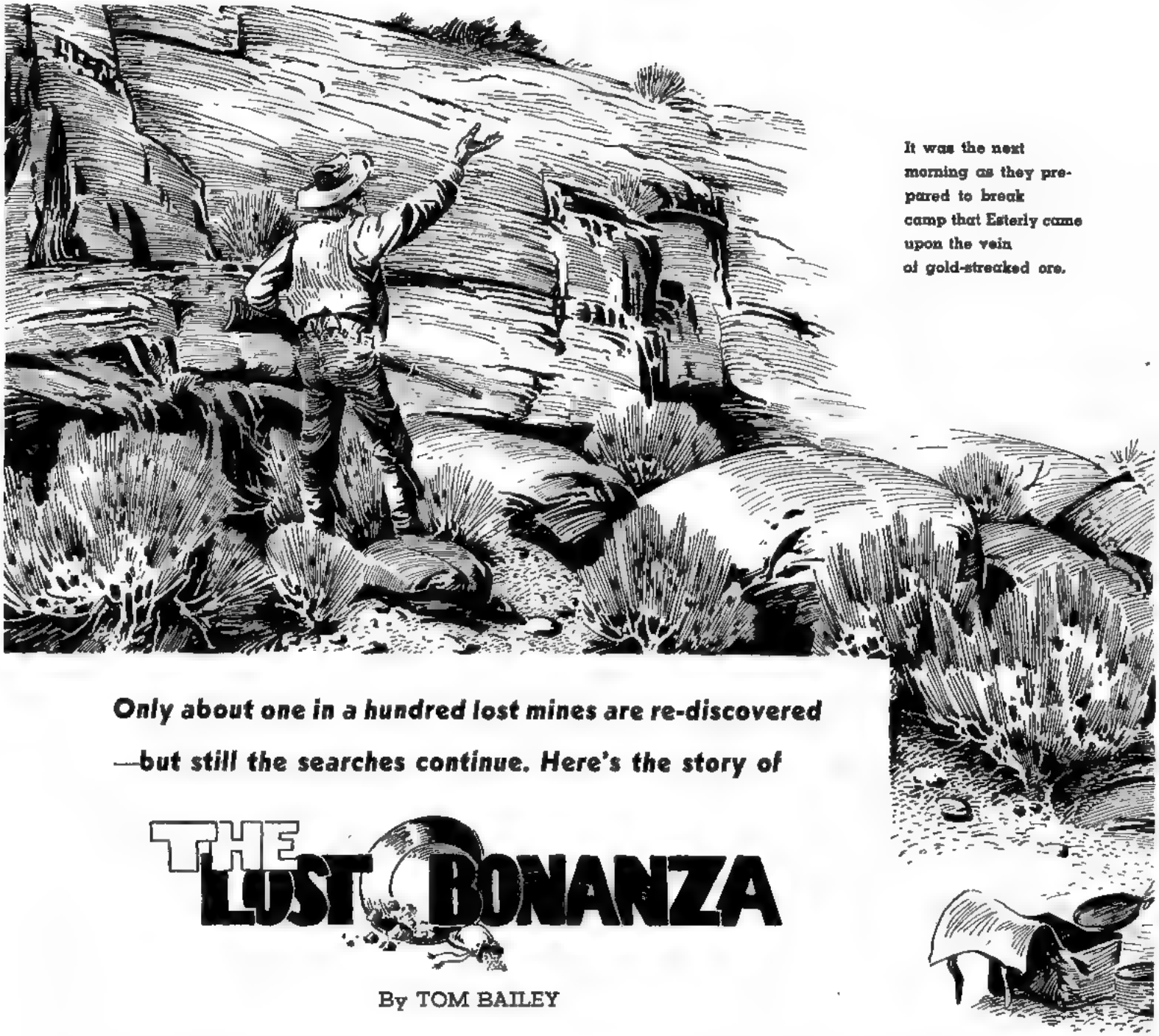

It was the next morning as they prepared to break camp that Esterly came upon the vein of gold-streaked ore.

Only about one in a hundred lost mines are re-discovered —but still the searches continue. Here's the story of

THE LOST BONANZA

By TOM BAILEY

LOST mines are never lost. It's the man who finds them and then forgets where they are that is lost. And that's why it's so exciting to search for a lost mine, because you know it's still there. All you have to do is rediscover it!

Only about one lost mine in every hundred is rediscovered, which would lead any thinking man to believe that actually most of the mines reported lost never existed in the first place.

Take the Lost Bonanza in Nevada, which is one mine that I am certain is right where its discoverer left it. It is one of the most fabulous lost mine stories I know, and I'm familiar with most of them. Some years ago I had so many letters from readers about lost mines following a magazine article about one, that in order to take care of the inquiries I had to prepare a pamphlet naming the mines that actually did exist and those that I'd found to be pure fiction, with brief sketches of each.

In short, nothing arouses so much interest as a lost mine. I've been writing about them for years and have received thousands of letters from men who have been hunting this or that mine continuously for twenty years or more. And they're still looking.

Many mines that never existed at all have become legendary because the stories about them have persisted through the years. One such mine is the Lost Dutchman in Arizona, which in my opinion in pure bunk and I am prepared to offer conclusive proof that it is. But that's another story.

The Bonanza Mine in Nevada was not actually a mine, in the true sense, because it was never worked. It was a huge vein of gold-streaked ore, and proof that it existed was produced by John Esterly in the form of gold-laden quartz that assayed seventy-five dollars per pound, or $150,000 a short ton. There was enough, a whole ledge of it running slantwise through the mountain, he claimed, to fill 10,000 ore wagons, more or less. That he may have exaggerated a bit, we will concede, yet the width of the vein was the length of a rifle. He didn't say whether he was carrying a carbine or a long-barreled gun, but in any event if the vein was half as big as he claimed it was it would produce many, many millions.

Esterly, a Mormon, had the reputation of being a truthful man. Standing at the bottom of the dry wash, where he first came upon the vein, he could look up the mountain and see the outcroppings continuing over ridges, like a huge boa constrictor, undulating into the cedar-studded peaks above. The outcroppings were visible for a half a mile. That such a deposit of rich gold ore could exist throughout the years that have passed since then without someone stumbling upon it is incredible, yet Nevada is a big state, an area of 110,690 square miles, five times as large as New Hampshire, New Jersey and Connecticut put together. There are square miles in Nevada on which a human being sets foot only once every ten years, and undoubtedly there are extremely remote places where man has never been.

Although Esterly was able to pinpoint his discovery within a given area, it is possible that those who did try to find it, after he gave up, came close, and others such as cattlemen, sheep men and perhaps Indians, may have passed it by without recognizing it for what it was.

ESTERLY was not an experienced prospector, nor was he acquainted with the area. He knew minerals from studies he made of them in Illinois, yet his general experience was limited. When he made the discovery, he was on his way out of Utah into Nevada, with three wives, then legal in Utah but not so legal in the Territory of Nevada. Esterly himself was forty, but none of his wives was over eighteen. The youngest was fifteen.

Esterly's troubles in Utah began when he took to wife fifteen-year-old Bridget O'Grady, daughter of Patrick O'Grady, who had joined the Mormon exodus out of Illinois. When Esterly learned, two days after the marriage, that, because of some misdeeds, he was slated by the Mormon elders for a trip into Indian country—from which his chances of returning alive were about one in fifty—he high-tailed it for Nevada, taking his three wives with him. He had seven burros that must have been very hardy critters, for five of them completed the overland journey. The other two absorbed a flock of Indian arrows.

The first ten days of the trip were consumed in crossing the Great Salt Lake Desert, and on the eleventh day the travelers were in Nevada. It was here that discord among the wives reached the breaking point. One morning Mary, the eldest wife, eighteen, threw a can of hot bear grease into the face of Rita, seventeen. She was badly burned and for a time her sight seemed to be impaired. But eventually her vision returned and her features were only slightly scarred.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

The trouble between the two women stemmed from jealousy. Mary had been Esterly's first wife, and a year later he had married Rita, who was prettier and a year younger. Back at the Great Salt Lake settlement he'd been able to keep them apart, in separate houses, and they had never met until they set out together for Nevada.

Esterly's third marriage to Bridget O'Grady had taken place only three days before Esterly shoved off for Nevada, and she was welcomed by the senior wives in the same friendly spirit a mother catamount shows for a prowling grizzly.

The older girls had reason to be unfriendly, because Esterly had devoted all his attention to the new bride and practically forgot the others.

Esterly's hasty departure from the Mormon settlement left him poorly equipped for such a long journey; he had not brought sufficient food nor medicines and much of the time he had to hunt to keep on hand a meat supply. He had three small U. S. Dragoon tents, each accommodating two sleepers.

In addition to the constant threat of Indian attack, there were rattlesnakes, Gila monsters and poisonous spiders to worry about. Packing in the morning and unpacking at night, firewood to cut at each stop, standing guard—some of the chores he relegated to his wives, including standing guard at night in shifts, lest Indians creep upon the camp. Undiplomatically, he did not require Bridget to stand guard. His older wives bristled at his favoritism.

The constant bother of trying to keep his wives in line, along with the necessity of making steady progress over uncharted lands, finally wore the man down. When they reached a point in Nevada which Esterly thought was on the headwaters of the Humboldt River, he came down with a high fever. The women quickly established a temporary camp.

MANY were to claim later that this camp was near the site of a town called National, which sprang up overnight when a gold-mining district was discovered in the Humboldt National Forest. Called the National, the mine has produced about $9,000,000 worth of gold. It was located by a motorist in an old Ford in the spring of 1907. Because some of its richest ore assayed seventy-five dollars to the pound—which corresponded with the assay of Esterly's discovery—many believed that the National and the Bonanza vein were one and the same. However, the National ore was found forty feet below the surface, while Esterly's vein was on top of the ground, or rather at the surface. Nothing about the National, except the richness and the characteristics of its ore, even faintly resembled Esterly's description of the ledge he found, so it is safe to assume that they were different ledges.

If Esterly and his quarrelsome wives did camp on the Humboldt headwaters, they were likely some distance from the scene of the National, discovered years later.

He was to admit later that the camp could have been on a tributary to the Humboldt, the Reese River, Rock Creek, Susie Creek, or even the North Fork. He had no map of the country and traveled by dead reckoning, relying entirely on information given him by men who had made the trip, and, of course, on the sun, which was his only compass. He was never quite sure of where he was, north or south of his course. He even conceded later that he could have been south of the Humboldt, on a stream later identified as Cherry Creek, or on Nelson Creek. From the camp, he said, he could see a tall snow-capped peak that he estimated was 100 miles to the south. It was then mid-August and the only peak of the region that is still snow-capped is Spruce Mountain, 11,041 feet elevation. Had he been 100 miles north of this mountain, as he believed, it would have placed the camp up near the Idaho line. This was what made it all so confusing when he went back two years later.

But at this point Esterly had not yet made his tremendous discovery. He had lingered in bed nine days, while the fever wore off, with Bridget caring for him. Woman trouble popped again on the tenth day when the two other wives delivered an ultimatum. Either Bridget

(Continued on page 46)

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The HEADLESS Warrior

By WILLIAM R. BROCK

Illustrated by Joe Grandoc

Kit Carson said it: "The Cheyennes are the durndest fighters on the plains." This grim little tale proves his point

Editor's Note:
This story was related to the writer by Paul M. Rhodes, who is the great-grandson of Mouse's Road. The incident is also related by George Bird Grinnell in his book THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S spooky tale of the Headless Horseman may be pure myth, but in the annals of Indian history there lies the story of the Head less W[illegible] though he was headed [illegible], he [illegible] again to [illegible] brawny [illegible] Indian village [illegible] its brave [illegible] camp and marked [illegible] to be forgotten.

It was just before dawn [illegible] in 1837. A heavy fog had settled thickly over the prairie of northeastern Colorado when Stone Forehead and Pushing Ahead halted their band of Cheyennes at the crest of a rise, to reconnoiter. They, afoot, had traveled [illegible] through the night from their camp on the South Platte River and their ponies were [illegible]. The Kiowa-Comanche village lay below them on Big Sandy Creek.

The Kiowas and Comanches were in their tepees [illegible] asleep. Quietly Stone Forehead deployed his band of Cheyennes

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warning them with quick motions of his hands to circle about the camp in silence. They were after horses, not scalp

They split into small groups, moving swiftly, silently through the early morning. Grey dawn would soon be breaking in the east to chase away the covering fog

Big Gake and a young warrior crept into the camp in search of horses. Meanwhile, Mouse's Road and two others drove away a small band of horses at the edge of the encampment. Stone Forehead and Pushing Ahead had taken the rest of the raiding party to steal the brood herd. The plan was to meet north of the camp, and drive the horses away before the Kiowas and Comanche awakened.

But in the darkest hour before dawn the party became separated and never rejoined. Mouse's Road led his group away without waiting. And before they had traveled far, they met Big Gake and his companion still afoot, having found no horses for themselves

Mouse's Road gave them each a horse and told them to help drive the rest north. But it was then that Big Gake protested

"Leave all except the ones we ride Soon the Kiowa and Comanche will come," he said, pointing through [illegible] owing light toward their encampment 'hey are awake now. They will m the horse and follow our trac

No." Mouse's Road said, his e and determined. "We will take t Our people need th

Then I'll go ahead alone,' ', stated, and rode away leaving his four tribesmen to drive the horses.

When he reached the top of the hill he turned and looked back. In the distance he could see the Kiowas and Comanches coming, as he knew they would But still Mouse's Road and his thre companions tried to drive the hors ahead. When Big Gake saw the en ping down on them, he turned and kicked his horse into a full run toward the South Platt

WHEN Mouse's Road saw the Kiow and Comanches charging down them, he shouted for his companions to abandon the horses. They ran to the crest of the hill, then turned to fight each dismounting

The enemy circled them while the four Cheyennes fought bravely. But they were outnumbered twenty-five to one, and soon Mouse's Road alone remained alive Early in the fight he had broken his bow, and stood facing his enemy armed with nothing but his knife. They drew up in a circle about him, marveling th during the entire siege he had never even been wounded

But seeing that [illegible] lone and without a bow, a Comanche chief charged, holding his lance before him to run the helpless Cheyenne through

Mouse's Road was ready for the charge. He moved quickly aside, dodging the lance and grabbing the Comanche as he passed. He dragged him from horse and plunged his knife into the Indian's breast Then he turned and made signs to the rest of the band, for the spoke no common tongue.

"Come on!" he signed, and stood reac to meet the next charge. "Come on!"

Lone Wolf, a Kiowa who had arrived too late for the first attack, turned to a Mexican captive mounted beside him

"Are you with me?" he asked.

The Mexican nodded and the two of them charged headlong toward the lone

[illegible] didn't await their charge, but ran ahead to meet them He was sure-footed and swift. And he sprang onto the Mexican's horse and pulled him to the ground. Then, as Mouse's Road

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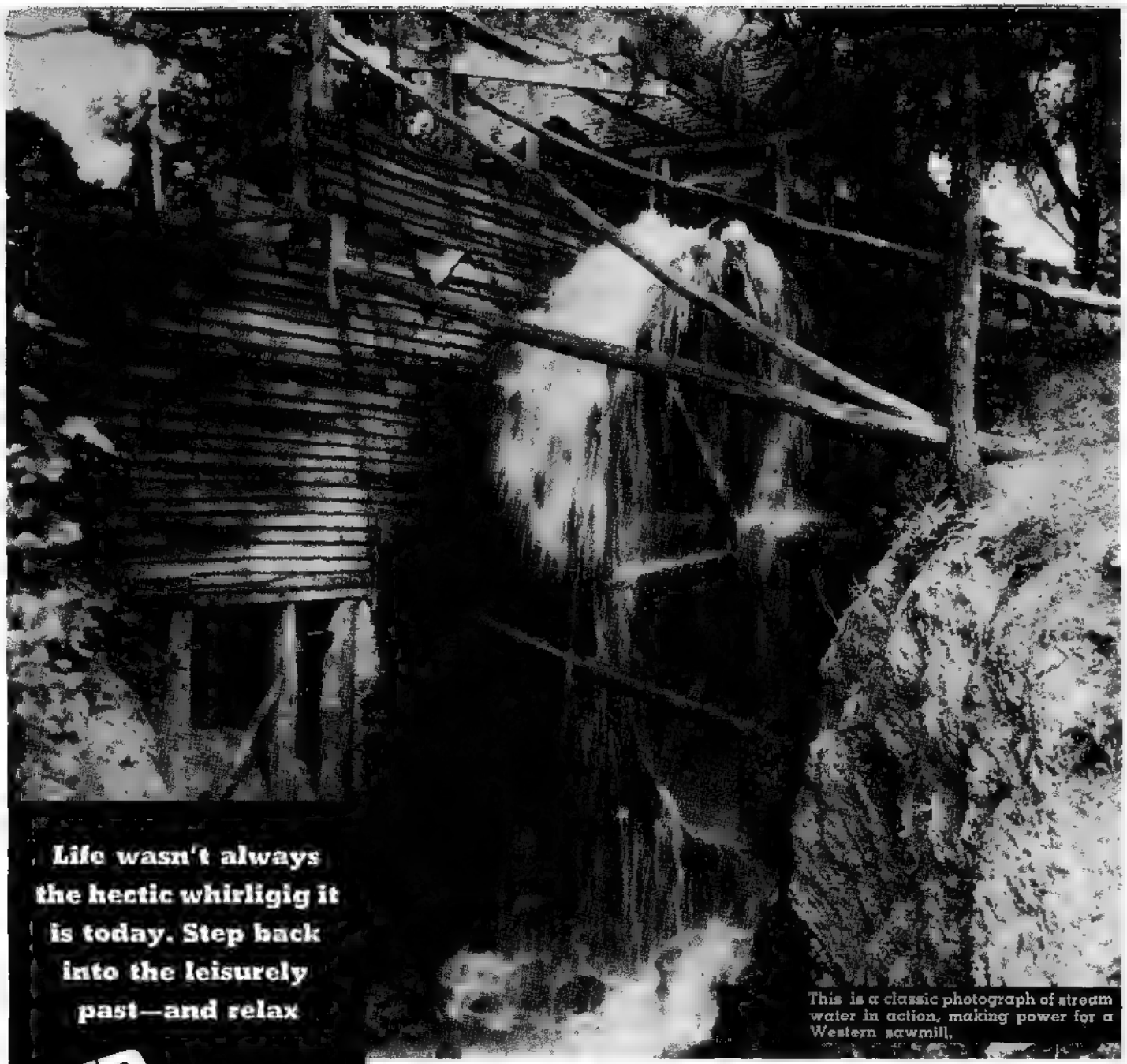

This is a classic photograph of stream water in action, making power for a Western sawmill.

Life wasn't always the hectic whirligig it is today. Step back into the leisurely past—and relax

UP Today and DOWN Tomorrow

By RALPH W. ANDREWS

Editor's Note:

This brief account of water wheels in Western timber is written by the author of West Coast historical picture books on lumbering. An expanded feature on water powered mills appears in his THIS WAS SAWMILLING, Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington—$8.75.

YEP. I knew that old Gordon mill. She was one of those up-and-down affairs—up today and down tomorrow. Grandpap Gordon used to start the saw in the log, then go fishing. After a while he'd go back to see what effect the saw had had on the log!"

The old-timer was referring to "Grandpap" Gordon's mill in Scott's Valley, near Yreka, California, which contraption, like all the West Coast water powered mills in the 1860's and 70's, was weird and wonderful in operation but somehow managed to get 500 to 1,500 feet of uneven boards past the saw a day. And the cumbersome mills made livelihoods for the owners, who could cut trees on their own homesteads or get free government timber, had no payroll and no expense except for twenty-five pounds of axle grease a year.

These sash mills were scattered through all the Western states, Oregon and California having the most—both private and those operated by Indian agencies. It has been estimated that as late as 1910, ten per cent of the lumber cut in the West was by water power. Famous mills were the Hudson's Bay Company mill at Fort Vancouver, Washington, Justus Jones' on Cedar Creek, near Portland, Henry Hunt's on the Columbia, the Georgetown mill in British Columbia, the Fidalgo City mill on Deception Pass, Puget Sound.

Miners on Oregon's Coquille River used sash mills to get mine props and sluice box lumber. Julius Hult operated in Clackamas County of that state. The famous Westport mill, also in Oregon, started with water power as did Capt. William Richardson's on the Albion River in California. There were hundreds more.

Crudely homemade, the water power sash mills were usually built in gullies. Where there was a good head of water

Bullteams in the big woods near Aberdeen, Washington. These men dragged the logs to the mi

the overshot type of wheel was used, the diameter matching the waterhead—eight to twelve feet—the paddles or boxes four or five feet long. The undershot wheel, where the water was limited, used a log eight to twelve inches in diameter for the shaft with two-by-four or two-by-six paddles about ten feet long fastened on the log lengthwise

With either type an iron crank was fastened to the end of the shaft with a wooden connecting rod transmitting the up-and-down thrust to the sash or wooden saw frame, about four feet wide and six to eight feet high. The saw blade of very heavy gauge was from eight to twelve inches wide, six to eight feet long, secured to the extended rails of the sash

The log passed through this frame, the carriage pulled by a cable or rope wrapped around a drum mounted on a shaft which was turned by a cast iron ratchet bolted on the side of a wooden wheel about four feet in diameter. With each revolution of the crankshaft, a dog engaged the ratchet and advanced the carriage just enough for the next cut of the saw, this constituting an automatic feed. Another device disengaged the dog when the saw line was finished, providing an automatic stop. Water, turned upon a small wheel, would gig the carriage back.

It required only one man to operate the entire mill. If he had an automatic feed and stop, he would simply start the carriage and go look after the lumber slabs and edgings. When the cut was finished he would gig back the carriage, set the log for the next cut with a pinch bar used first on one end then the other. With the log squared, the side lumber was piled on top of it so the next run of the carriage would edge it.

As a boy in the Grande Ronde Valley, Oregon, T. T Gair learned sawmilling the hard way with one of these water power mills and gives a tongue-in-cheek account of it. Of his first summer's work in 1867 he writes:

"MY father hired me out to a Mr. M— Loughlin who owned a sawmill on Mill Creek, two miles away. It was driven by an overshot wheel, twenty-four feet in diameter and thirty inches wide Three minutes were required to make one revolution during which the saw made about ten up and down stroke The cog gearing was made of fir blocks which would wear out after one week of service, making necessary the replacing of one every hour or two. The only belt was the one to the drum to which the sash was attached. This belt, made of cow skins, with the hair still on one side, would stretch to such an extent that when we were not making a new block for the cog we were taking up slack in the belt. We made a new one one day which measured forty feet. The first afternoon we cut out a surplus foot four times. When it wore out in one week, we had fifty feet of surplus hide and still forty feet of belt.

"My special task was to off-bear the mill's output. The logs were delivered on a hillside just above the mill by a team of oxen and we could easily saw one every half day. When we wanted a new mill we cleared the mill of all obstructions and removed the 'chunk' which retained the 'boom' on the hillside. The log would surrender to the law of gravitation and with great velocity roll into the mill, sometimes right

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Loggers leaving camp in the "Grub Strike" at Polson Logging Company at Aberdeen, Washington in 1901. Fifty thousand bedbugs went along with these men as "traveling companions." Notice the different types of men here.

onto the carriage. The speed made by these rolling logs was the only rapid motion ever seen about the mill.

"But the one feature I enjoyed to the full was the progress of the carriage as it pushed the log into the saw. It was a constant struggle as to which would win. Sometimes the saw would give up and as the log proceeded against the dead saw, the mill would shake and tremble, all other motion ceasing, while the water would pour over the stationary wheel until the extra force would cause the belt to slip, then the wheel would turn halfway over, empty out its buckets and again come to a standstill. Sometimes a cog in the carriage gearing would break while the saw was savagely eating its way through a pine knot and the remaining machinery would virtually run away with itself until the water could be shut off.

BUT when everything was running smoothly it was great fun. Having 'set' the log and started the works going, there was a good long rest in store before the saw reached the further end. Mr. McLoughlin was a devoted reader of the *Weekly Oregonian* and after he had satisfied himself that the belt was not going to slip on that trip, he would settle himself on the log and begin reading one of Mr. Scott's editorials, for which he had great admiration. Sitting on a gunny sack filled with straw, his happiest moments, I am sure, were those which found him reading with the music of the saw mingling with the splash of falling water, indicating to his subconscious mind that all was well, that the gait he was traveling was not transcending the speed limit and that sometime before dinner there would be another contribution to the world's lumber supply.

"It was utterly impossible to saw the lumber accurately. Nearly all planks intended to be an inch thick were two inches at one end and one-half inch at the other—often a mere feather in the middle. One day a cottonwood log was brought in from the woods and Mr. McLoughlin concluded that as it was soft it would be a good thing to saw it up

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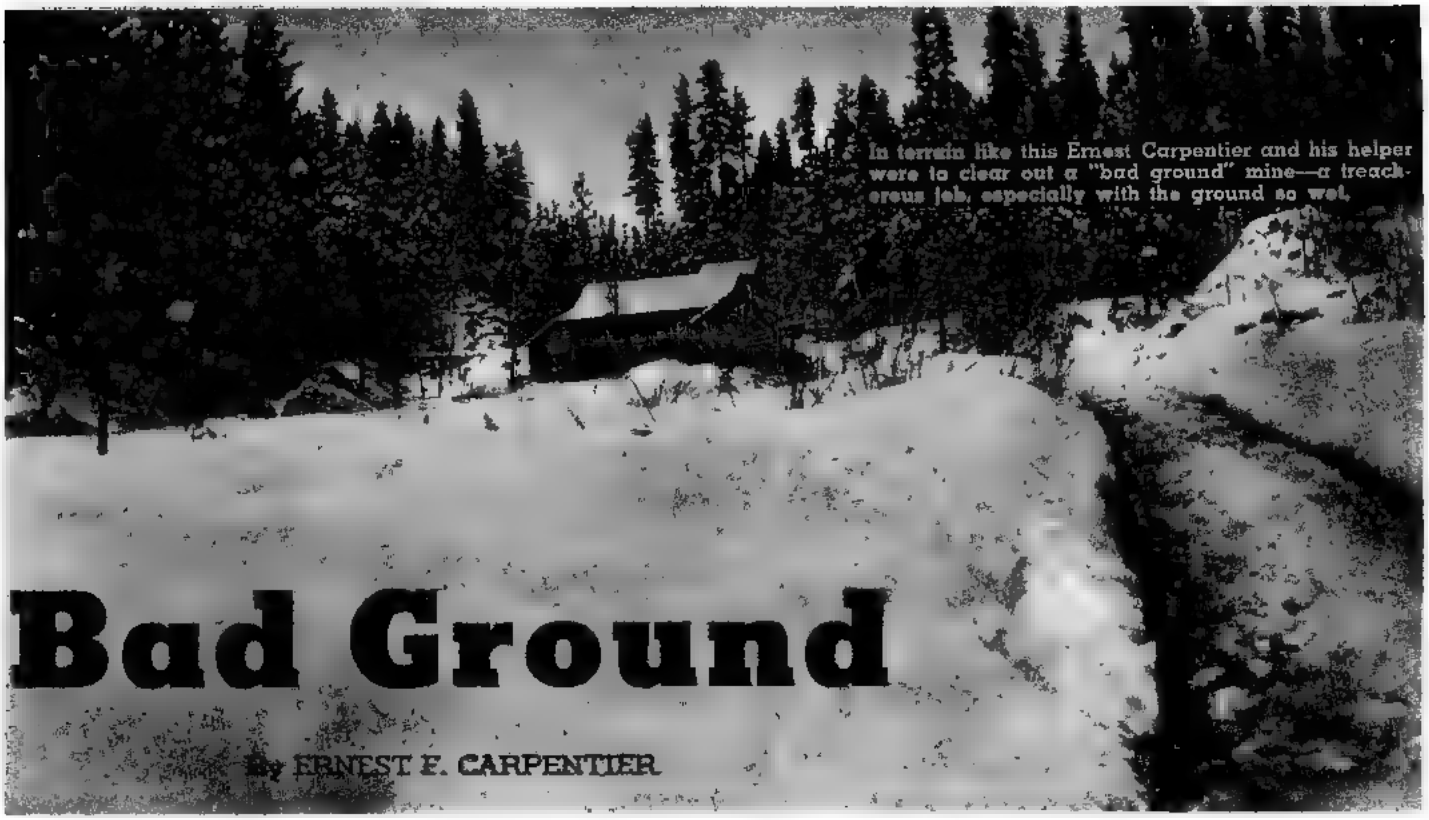
Here, in the mill, the log was fed by hand. Early sash saw was powered by the water wheel.



In terrain like this Ernest Carpentier and his helper were to clear out a "bad ground" mine—a treacherous job, especially with the ground so wet.

Bad Ground

By ERNEST E. CARPENTIER

It was a dangerous job in the first place. And the boss had assigned a greenhorn to help me out with it

TO see death closing around you and be helpless to do anything about it, is an unforgettable experience. I think the odds would be a thousand to one a couple of miners would survive the mess we got into.

I was headed for trouble when the mine manager called me into his office. He put it this way: "You know, of course, that by the time the mill is ready to crush ore, we must have water. The only way we can get it is to open the old Missouri Ditch tunnel. This tunnel is 1,800 feet long and caved in, no doubt, its entire length. There is only room for two men to work at the same time, so pick yourself a helper and go to it."

He assigned me to the job because I was the only experienced bad ground miner in camp. The idea of working bad ground with a green hand did not appeal to me, but we had to have water. My problem was to find a miner who could take it when the going got rough, but every man I approached declared he was not a bad ground miner. It looked like I was to draw a blank, but Frank Miller, a young, husky mucker said he would be my helper.

In miners' parlance, bad ground in a tunnel is a mass of loose dirt and rocks that closes in from all sides when a set of timbers buckle. It is a giant underground octopus of tremendous deadly pressure always waiting to crush or smother you to death. Usually, a miner who takes a chance in such ground never lives to tell about it.

The boss could not have selected a worse time to open that tunnel. It was a typical south Idaho winter in 1930 in the mountainous section of historic Boise County where the Missouri Mine was located. Six feet of thawing snow covered the region. It was the first of March and the early spring rains were making the snow and ground a little wetter every day.

The tunnel had been driven under a low ridge and its lowest depth under the surface was about thirty feet. The project would not be an easy one, for we would be constantly working under shallow wet ground that would have to be carefully handled to prevent a cave-in.

We had other problems. The tunnel was only wide enough to clear the old ore car. But the unusual construction of the timbering revealed that the tunnel had two ceilings! This was the result of an engineering blunder. When the tunnel was driven, years before, a crew started at each end and the ditch survey was calculated that the crews were to connect at the exact point of water grade halfway in the tunnel. Somehow, the engineers threw in the wrong figures and the crew from the south found themselves eighteen inches higher than the crew from the north. The engineers were confronted with the impossibility of running water up hill.

In order to get water grade correction, the bottom of the tunnel and each set of timbers had to be lowered eighteen inches for several hundred feet, but the ceiling could not be disturbed because of possible dangerous cave-ins. The procedure, therefore, was to lower the sill and posts of each set but leave the original cap in place by securing it to the ceiling with short posts eighteen inches long that were wedged in place on the tops of the original posts. So the posts would not buckle from side pressure, an eight-inch cap was notched in at the joint. Lagging or split timber was laid on top of the lower cap to make the second ceiling.

WE opened the portal and found the tunnel about as expected. Some sets required only minor repairs, but long sections of the tunnel had rotted timbers smashed in by tons of dirt and rocks. This muck was wet and loose, so we had to false set and drive lagging ahead. In other words, we had to barrel ourselves in with protective timber, for our lives depended upon that timber holding against the terrific pressure of settling muck that closed around the set.

We laid our rail right up to the mucking and rolled up the ore car only when loading. At other times we left the car down the tunnel about twenty feet for safety. As usual, we had the car close to the mucking when that underground octopus started to move. We were about 800 feet from the portal where four sets had not caved much muck and the old timbers tested sound enough to be safe. The next set ahead, however, was caved so it was necessary to drive lagging and barrel in. Frank inserted a wedge between the old lagging and cap that supported the first ceiling, and gave it a couple light cautious taps with a hammer, the purpose being to raise the old lagging barely enough so a new one could be driven under it.

The wedging was taking place at the left end of the cap, and when Frank struck the wedge the cap suddenly slipped downward about two inches on the post. I yelled a warning and Frank jumped back where I stood in the next set. Our eyes riveted on that cap, we listened for the ominous dead silence to be broken by a trickle of sand—a warning that the earth above us was starting to move. We waited.

Suddenly, before I could stop him, Frank grabbed a five-foot lagging, jumped across the set and slapped it under the end of the sagging cap. I saw his look

(Continued on page 58)

how fast are they?

From England to California, modern gunslingers are [illegible] in the new fast-draw craze. Here is a scientific study of the phenomenon

Author's Note:

In 1958 the first annual international gunslingers' contest was held at Magic Mountain, in Denver, Colorado. Thousands of people turned out to watch the six-gun experts in action. This year there undoubtedly will be hundreds of skilled contestants. Fast draw clubs are springing up throughout the country. There are strict rules for contestants in this newest of American sports. Interestingly enough, adults are just as enthusiastic aficionados of the sport as the kids. As in frontier days, folks everywhere are learning the expert use of firearms. Conceivably, America will once again become a nation of gun-toters!

—B

I'M not from Missouri, but when it came to the fast draw I had to be shown. I had never believed the old-timers could get that three-pound chunk of single-action hardware unlimbered and discharged in anywhere near the time that—say the F.B.I. can uncork their double-actions today. I got a rude awakening. It is true that the best of the F.B.I. men can draw and empty a honed-down double-action in less than anyone can draw and "fan" single-action empty. However, when it comes to drawing and getting off that vital first shot, the single-action boys not only do it faster it so fast you wouldn't believe me couldn't offer proof. And, if they do it today for fun, I'm forced to believe the old-timers could do it for bloo

You ask: What is fast? It's not an easy question to answer. We're going to be talking in hundredths of a second, but unless you yourself have faced a fast-draw clock, hundredths of a second won't mean much to you. Here's an illustration. If you stand in front of one of the six-gun artists of today, such as Kelo Hend ond lead in TV's hold your hands w apart the width of ur body and Kelo says: "Clap your hands when you see me draw," you're going to find a gun barrel between your hands before can bring them together. Do it! your hands—as fast as you ca not nearly fast enough. You're brother!" That gun barrel between hands has already discharged

More unnerving experiences. Any really fast man with a single-action will draw one of his two gun hand it to you and sa take it and cock it. "point it at me." You point it at him He'll say: "When you see me draw fire!" If you have exceptional nerve reflexes—and by exceptional I mean the kind that only top athletes in top condition have—the two of you will get

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off your shots (blanks, of course) so close together that both of you would be dead if it were live ammunition. But with anything less than exceptional reflexes, you would be dead before you could pull the trigger. As unbelievable as it may seem, today's gunslinger can cock, draw, aim and fire in less time than you can reflex to pull the trigger!

THERE is something you have to understand and it might as well be explained in the beginning. It takes *time* for your eye to see, your brain to think and your limbs to respond—a great deal more time than you would believe. In the illustrations I have used—the clapping together of your hands and pulling the trigger of a cocked six-gun—the signal for you to move was: "When you *see* me draw." The fact is, by the time you have seen him he is three-fourths finished and will finish the other one-fourth before you have *reacted*. The man who initiates the action has all the advantage. I will have to go to the fast-draw clock to prove my point.

The fast-draw timing device is: one, an electric clock, the face of which is divided into hundredths of a second. The sweep hand makes a complete, 360-degree turn around the face in one second; two, the starting device is an adjustable stand with an electric button

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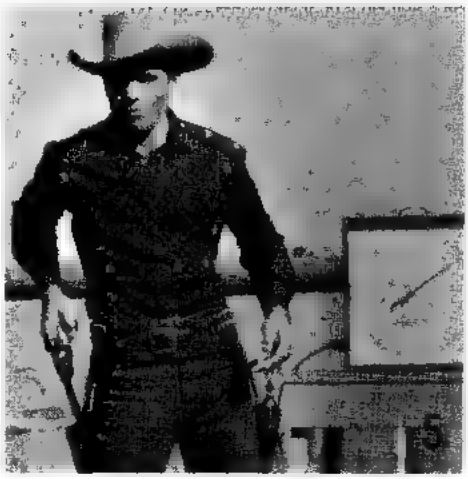
In the accompanying photographs you see Kelo Henderson being timed by Dee Woolem's fast-draw clock. The photographs were made at the rate of 300 pictures a second by the Fastair missile camera manufactured by the Wollensak Optical Company of Rochester, New York. Photographers were Marshall Faber and Carl Kitt of KBTV, Denver, Colorado.

1 Kelo with finger on the button, and the clock at zero.

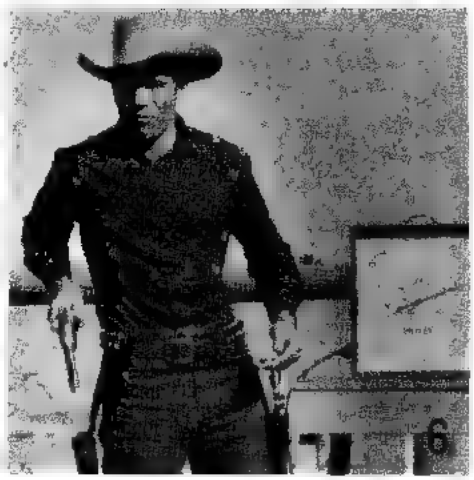
2 4/100 second. Hand has swept back from starting button. First joint of thumb has struck hammer, fingers are sweeping up alongside holster to catch grip.

3 9/100 second. Gun is cocked. Thumb has slipped on over spur. Fingers and thumb have caught grip.

4 12/100 second. Cocked gun is three-fourths clear. Trigger finger through guard.



5 16/100 second. Gun clears holster.



6 20/100 second. Gun starting to tilt. Finger moving toward trigger. The reason for the comparatively long span of time between clearing of gun and starting to tilt is the momentum of the backward movement of hand to cock and lift gun.

7 24/100 second. Muzzle a blur even at 300 pictures a second as gun levels.

8 27/100 second. Clock stopped. Muzzle above horizontal from explosion.

Kelo himself pointed out what cost him those extra hundredths of a second (His best time is 14/100 second). The first part of the draw was perfect through the first four photographs. But starting with number five he did not decrease the backward momentum soon enough, carrying the gun too high. In number six his elbow should not be as high, the uptilt should have been begun as the muzzle cleared. In seven and eight the muzzle should have been leveled and fired at a height even with the cartridges in his belt.

Old-timers on the Mojave Desert still fondly recall the luxury of

The

In a little bowl-shaped valley in the Bullion Mountains eight miles south of Ludlow is the town of Steadman. The population in 1901 knew it first as Camp Rochester and later as Steadman. In the thirties the town was completely abandoned. Today it is populated by pensioners who have found it a wonderful place to get away from it all

ONE day in the early 1900's, engineer Isaac Stagg, brother of E. H. Stagg, general manager of the Ludlow & Southern Railway, looked back along his train standing on the main line at Stagg Post Office, California. Just behind the engine tender were two empty flat cars, followed by a box car loaded with mining stores. Three empty ore cars came next, and then a homemade tank car.

The tank car was a piece of rolling stock well worth closer observation. On a flat car had been placed a stout tapered tank standing upright on its deck, directly above the forward truck. Eight feet in diameter and seven feet high, the tank contained the day's water supply for the desert town of Steadman, seven and one-half miles away at the end of track.

On the end of the train rested Car Number 100, resplendent with plush seats and brass candelabra. This beautiful combination car still holds a warm spot in the hearts and legends of the people who live on the Mojave Desert. The classy vehicle came from the New York Central Railroad, and rumor still maintains that it was Chauncey Depew's own private car.

The sun had gone down and the stars were bright in the desert sky. Engineer Stagg exchanged a few words with Conductor J. F. Coughlin and his fireman, Fred Hansen, and then began to blow the whistle on his engine. It was a long wailing blast followed by a series of short explosive toots. It seemed to scream, "Climb aboard or walk home. I don't care which." All along the main street of Ludlow just across the tracks from Stagg Post Office, doors opened and people began to move toward the train. Women and children, loaded down with groceries and packages, climbed aboard the Number 100 under the watchful eyes of Conductor Coughlin. The men who were able climbed aboard the flats. Those who needed help were boosted up. Those who were having one last quick one for the road in Mother Preston's Saloon gave a quick gulp and made a run for it, because Engineer Stagg did not give a second call. When the conductor gave the highball, the train began to move southward toward Steadman. The "Whiskey Special" of the Ludlow & Southern Railway was going home; another pay day was over. At end of track waited the jobs that made the Bagdad-Chase a paying mine. At the end of the track was the little desert mining town of Steadman, and Steadman was different from every other mining town on the Mojave Desert. Steadman was bone dry!

When E. H. Stagg was appointed general manager of the Benjamin E. Chase Gold Mining Company, the Bagdad Mining & Milling Company, and the Ludlow & Southern Railway Company with headquarters at Bagdad-Chase, he moved there with his wife and three daughters. In almost the same breath, he named the place Camp Rochester and pronounced for one and all to heed. "There would be no drinking in town."

THE need for the company to build a new railroad came in the year 1902. It was in that year that a heavy pall of gloom settled over the Bagdad-Chase Mining Company in Barstow, California. In fact, the gloom was so thick that it spread all the way to Rochester, New York.

The Bagdad-Chase Mining Company in 1902 owned another railroad, and had a large mill to process ore, but they had no ore to haul over their railroad, and no ore to mill in their mill

In Rochester, New York, Benjamin E. Chase, president; J. M. Steadman, vice-president; and Walter Rose met with Chauncey Depew to talk over the reports from the West that had been sent by E. H. Stagg and Charles Wier. No matter how they read the reports it all came out the same way. They had been frozen out and they had to find new prospects some where else on the California desert.

The original Bagdad-Chase Mining Company had been organized in 1896 in Barstow, California. The company had entered into a contract with the Yellow Aster Mine near Randsburg to mill their ore. As a result of this contract the Randsburg Railroad was built in 1897 from Kramer on the Santa Fe to Johanesburg a distance of thirty miles. Ore was hauled by wagon from Randsburg to Johanesburg and then by rail to Barstow Profits to both the Yellow Aster mine and the Bagdad-Chase Mining Company were so high that in December, 1901, the Yellow Aster Mine cancelled its contract and built its own mills near Cow Wells (now Garlock). The Randsburg Railway was leased to the Santa Fe in 1903 and was abandoned in 1933.

Before the end of 1902, the Bagdad-Chase Mining Company received an offer to buy some rather dubious looking prospects located in the Bullion Mountains south of Ludlow.

E. H. Stagg, Wayne Darlington and John Hays Hammond were sent to explore the region. By June 30, 1902, the Benjamin E. Chase Gold Mining Company was organized. The Bagdad Milling & Mining Company was getting ready to [illegible] Railway was incorporated. By the end of 1903 the standard-gauged L. & S. was operating with an engine from the far off New York Central Railroad. When it arrived from the East it bore the number "99" on its cab and tender, but the desert road renumbered it number one.

Whiskey Special

BY 1904 the properties under Stagg's guidance were paying $10,000 a month dividends, and President B. E. Chase decided to send Vice President J. M. Steadman out West to visit the holdings. Chauncey Depew offered passage for Steadman and his party in car number 100.

Legend of the desert has worked around until the 100 is now referred to as Chauncey's private car—his home away from home—his New York Central business car. No matter who the number 100 belonged to, it was a beautiful car in its day. It was a well-constructed wooden frame combination baggage and passenger car. The desk in the center of the car was most ornate and the brass lamps were of exquisite design. The author saw all of the furnishings when they were still in storage at Ludlow. After forty years the brass still looked as bright as new and the carvings on the desk and seats were very well-executed.

When the people at Camp Rochester learned that they were to be visited by the Eastern dignitaries, they prepared to go all out with their celebration plans. The first official act was to change the name of the town from Camp Rochester to Steadman. Fancy decorations of Chinese lanterns, bunting and flags vied with the varicolored hills to add a dash of brilliance to the landscape.

On the appointed day the One Spot was in Ludlow, polished like a jewel and gayly festooned with flags and bunting. With some misgivings, the passengers from the East watched their palace car cut off from the Santa Fe train and shunted out into the desert wastes. Engineer Isaac Stagg backed the One Spot up and made a feather touch coupling and conductor J. F. Coughlin gave a "high ball" worthy of any class one railroad in the country. Ray Hoffman, the fireman, watched his fire and smoke with the greatest care. Every possible occasion to blow the whistle was utilized to the full, although there was not a grade crossing in the entire eight miles of track. When the train reached Steadman, every noisemaker available was used to assure the visitors a true Western welcome. Needless to say, the visitors were touched and impressed by this warm hospitality. So touched in fact that when they departed for the East, they responded with a generous gesture that has become one of the many legends of the desert.

There are those who claim that Chauncey Depew was the leader of the delegation, and that the courtesies extended to him caused him to reciprocate in a princely manner by presenting the town with his car, the number 100. However, Charles Hobb told the writer: "I believe it was Steadman who gave the car to the town. I was in Mexico at the time trying to smooth out some difficulties that the interests had gotten into down there. When I got back to New York, I was informed that the Old Man was sure burned up at Steadman."

(Continued on page 49)

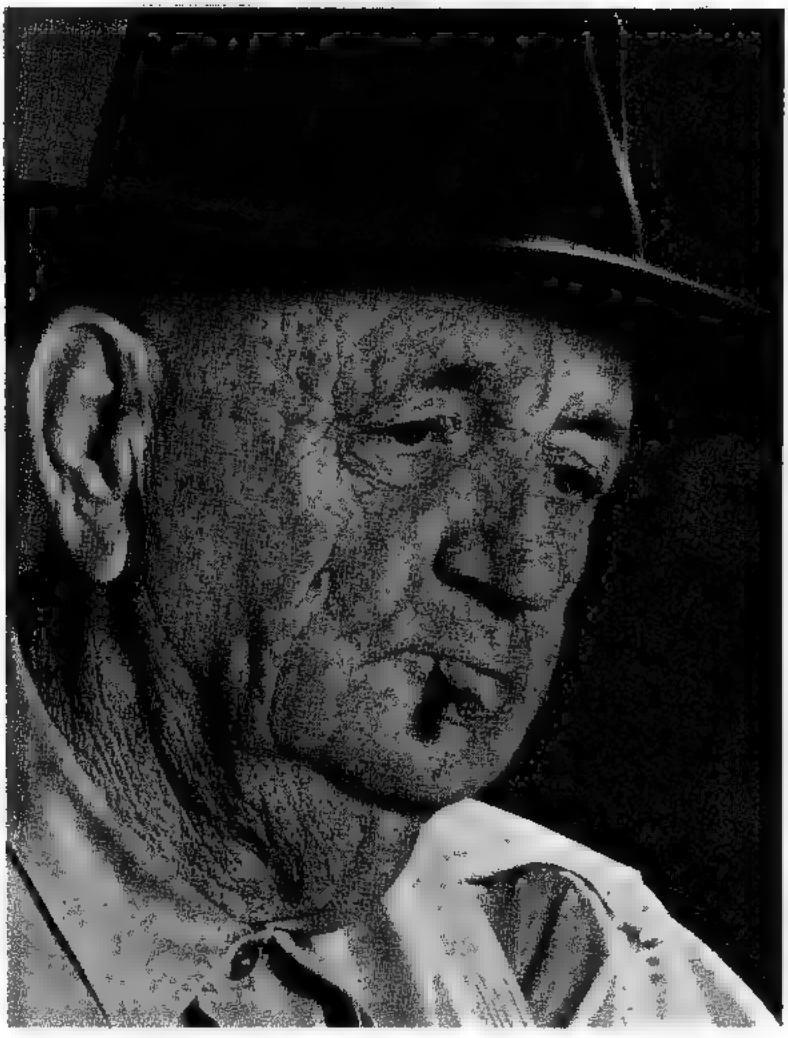
Pay Roll Voucher

7 80

14 15

5 50

Here is an old monthly pay roll voucher from the mining days. Notice the wages paid the men and charges for room and board.



A. M. King, former Wyatt Earp deputy.

Here's the straight unvarnished, first-hand story of Wyatt Earp's last deputy, complete with a candid appraisal of Earp himself

The LAST Man

By A. M. KING
as told to Lea McCarty

Author's Note:

Since True West printed "The Wyatt Earp Burial Secret" in the October, 1957, issue, A. M. King, Earp's old deputy, has been deluged with mail and phone calls. One phone call, from Dallas, Texas, resulted in the caller sending tape recordings to King's home in Santa Rosa, California, loaded with hundreds of technical Old West questions. Naturally, King was disgusted, saying, "How in hell could I be that old? Wyatt was past fifty when I knew him." However, as his chosen scribe, I answered some of the questions for him. But King quickly grew suspicious that somebody was trying to "get a radio handout for nothing" or to use that tape on a TV broadcast. He flatly refused to go along with it further.

"Damn it," he growled, "if people are interested in me because I was once Earp's deputy, I'll tell my story to you, Mac. I never really thought Wyatt deserved so much notoriety and I know I don't deserve any at all. I couldn't help it if I worked with him. I wanted that ten dollars a day, the same as he did!"

King's modesty notwithstanding, I think his story is historic and interesting enough to be told. While I painted the portrait of him shown here, the old lawman told his story in sketchy form as set down in this article.

Before the critics start shooting, let's examine King's background to discover what authority we have for believing he worked with Wyatt Earp.

First, he's certainly old enough. Secondly, any doubter may take the trouble to look into the records of the Parker political regime of the early 1900's to substantiate his story. Third, the claim jumping episode of the Borax people on the Mohave Desert may be found on the record about 1908. The arrest of Wyatt Earp and King in San Bernardino by the U. S. Marshal is another revealing fact.

It is also interesting to note that such a Western historian as the late Marvin Hunter, co-author with N. H. Rose of the Album of Gunfighters, regarded King as the last link between Earp and the present day. Mr. Hunter, who published the old Frontier Times before its acquisition by True West, assured me of that in 1957 when I visited him shortly before his death. —L.M.

SO you are the last man?" people question me—and stare at me like I was a freak. I don't wear any six-guns and all I have reminiscent of old times is the six-pointed badge the city of Tombstone gave me because I was once Wyatt Earp's deputy.

Folks, ask: "How old are you?" That's a question I like about as well as Jack Benny. I shut 'em up by telling them I'm just twice as old as Jack Benny.

Actually, I didn't know how old I really *did* look until Lea McCarty painted my portrait with me sitting in an old broken-down ghost town. Then I saw the many lines in my face and the sagging flesh of age. For the first time I realized it had been many years indeed since Wyatt Earp and I had camped together out on a manhunt.

People also ask me how many men I have killed. To this tactless question I give a stock answer I stole from Wyatt: "I carry a pocketful of little rocks in my left pocket and a pocketful of big ones in my right. I always go after my enemies with the little rocks first and work up to the big ones."

Wyatt himself never told me how many men he killed. I know that Boot Hill in Dodge has only one boy planted there that Wyatt cut down.

I suppose I am a little touchy, like Wes Hardin used to be, when people stare at me. There's nothing fancy about me, and circumstances alone threw Wyatt Earp and me together at a time when the name Wyatt Earp would register no more excitement in a man's brain than Jack Robinson. Movies and TV made Wyatt a national personality long after his death in 1929; he had nothing to do with it.

Our paths didn't cross for many years. You see, I was born in Wilmington, Ohio, and was reared on a farm where a boy worked from dawn to dusk. I did get in some shootin' of evenings for cottontails and such. Give a country boy a Kentucky squirrel rifle and he'll soon learn to shoot the whiskers off a coon a hundred yards away.

I left home at an early age and this fiddle-foot of mine was finally to lead me into the path of Wyatt Earp. I wandered about the country and finally drifted to the Indian Nations in about 1898. I couldn't get a job and so I oiled up that old Kentucky rifle of mine and went to chewing paper wadding and ramrodding and hunting meat in the form of turkey and quail to the tune of a dollar a dozen. This didn't

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prove out satisfactorily with the Injuns whose hunting grounds I was invading, so I turned to selling them hard whiskey. That put the U. S. Marshal of Oklahoma Territory on my tail, a man named Bill Grimes.

(You asked me awhile ago if Wyatt Earp was ever a meat hunter. Yes, he hunted meat for his Pa and his Dad come West to San Berdu from Illinois. Wyatt learned to shoot straight in those days. You molded your own bullets and making them was a mite of trouble. Powder sold at ten cents a pound, lead at eight, and caps fifty for a dime. But Wyatt learned to handle a six-gun from Wild Bill Hickok when Wild Bill was a buffalo hunter. At least that's what Wyatt told me.)

GETTING back to me: There I was, on the jump with Grimes after me. I bought myself a black horse from an old Injun, set out across the Canadian and rode over the treacherous Gyp Hills country. My pony went lame and I had to go it afoot.

I remember it was early spring. The prairie was a carpet of flowers and the air sweet as the breath of a pretty woman. I was just dreaming along when I come atop a hill and gazed down at a little farmhouse with a corral out back and a white ring of chickens sitting around the nicest little paint you ever did see. The devil took me by the hand and I just went down and saddled that paint and rode out of there with a whoop and a holler and the farmer shaking his fist after me and shouting curses. Lucky for me he didn't have a gun handy or I wouldn't be telling this story today.

Now, I am no horse thief like a damned Cherokee or Comanche. Hell no—I just wanted to borrow that paint until I could find another means of transportation. I rode into Kingfisher, Oklahoma, and tied the horse to a wild plum tree, and then made my way over to the Rock Island train which was under the water tower, engine panting, and stretched out with about twenty cars. One box car had a door partly open and I climbed inside when the man up front hollered: "All aboard!"

There were about six men in that car, sitting about on the straw and staring sourly at me with sleepless red-rimmed eyes. They were typical of the times. In those days Coxey's Army was marching on Washington, the economy of the nation was shaky, and the railroads had all kinds of uninvited travelers riding the rods, blinds and box cars.

It was good to be inside, even with a passel of cutthroats. I was a big, husky kid of about twenty and wasn't a damn bit afraid of them. So I got along all right and held my own in a running monte game with this bunch for a few days.

The weather warmed up as we rattled south and when the train finally stopped, I stuck my head out in that blazing sunlight to ask a man who was walking the tracks where we were. He whirled around, showing me the business end of a horse pistol, and ordered the lot of us to hop down and come along to jail with him. We were in Los Angeles, California.

They pushed us into a big tank and let us think over our travels. The food wasn't bad and most of the boys didn't want to leave that jail. One bum tried to steal the ten dollars I had and I clobbered him good and laid him out on the floor.

The jailer took a shine to me after that ruckus and I asked him where a swashbuckler like me could get a job. He said I was big enough to be a cop, and if I could ride as well as I could hit bums and if I could shoot straight and had no criminal record, I might get on the police force.

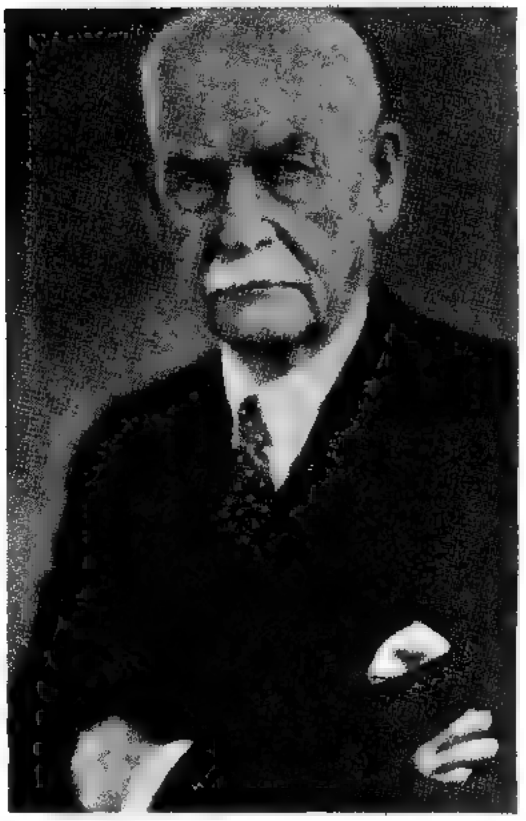
Most of the boys on the force in those days were big men, many Irish, red-faced, with big feet. They dressed with the dome hats and billies and old frontier type forty-fives much the same as the San Francisco boys of the Barbary Coast north of us.

ONE morning they loaded me into a buckboard and drove out some four or five miles west of Spring Street to a place in the country called Bimini Baths, a health resort. There was an old water tank sitting afield and we put up some tin cans for targets. The sergeant barked: "All right, King, let's see if you can hit the side of a barn!"

I was given a pistol and started to bang away at a tin can, which I kept on the jump once I had it going. The sergeant grinned and said I'd do. That was all the examination I ever had, and so I became a Los Angeles policeman.

I never knew Wyatt Earp existed then. He'd pegged up a little notoriety among the police for doing in the Clantons, Claybournes and McLowerys at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, but I doubt if there was a single man in Los Angeles who even knew that Wyatt Earp had once lived in San Bernardino sixty miles to the east, or who knew that his folks lived in Temescal Canyon where the old brickyard is today, or near the old McCarty Ranch.

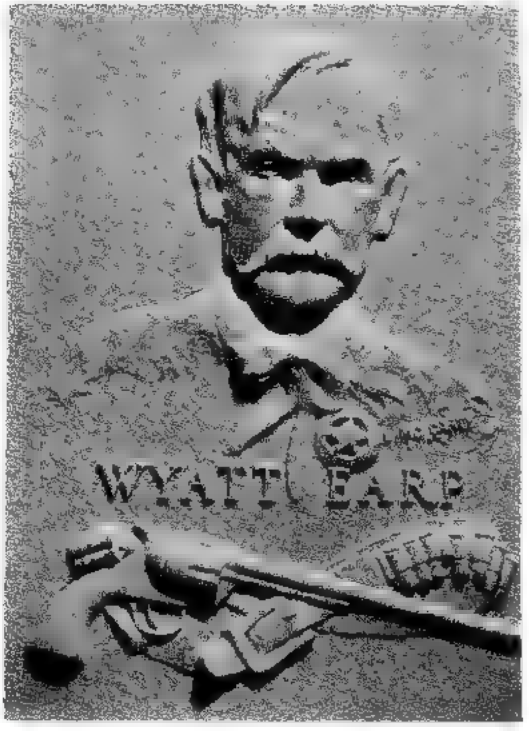
Anyhow, I got my first beat down around old Los Angeles Street near the Plaza, and up Spring Street. I became a cop officially, I'd say, when one night a man mistook me in the wee hours for a prowler who had robbed him and started shooting at me. The lead whined off them cobblestones like the sneeze of frightened deer in a forest; it was enough to make a man dance.



Said King: "This much-publicized picture of Earp was taken about 20 years after I worked with him."

Then, one morning I heard the name Wyatt Earp for the first time. There was a little piece in the paper about him being a mining man who was prospecting in Arizona, and that he was the famous Marshal who had tamed Dodge City and Tombstone.

One night a call came in that someone was raising hell in a Chinese chop-suey house, and I hurried on down and pushed through the swinging doors. What I saw was one for the book. There were big holes punched in the back of the booths by someone's fists. I heard a big voice roaring in the back of the place and saw Charlie, the Chinee cook, peeking



Bronze plaque at the old courthouse in Tombstone, Arizona. Author McCarty was the artist.

Painting of King by McCarty, one of a series by him on the Old West.

out the kitchen porthole with a look of terror on his face. Jim Jeffries, the famed prizefighter of those days, was in there with a Jew named Nordlinger who operated a hock shop. The two of them were drunk, and Nordlinger encouraged Jim as he ran his big bloody fists through the seats.

"Hey!" I shouted. "Stop it!"

Jim straightened up. "Well, now!" he roared, "look at what's here. King of the Law! Well, well!" About this time he picked up a sugar bowl to heave at me, while I grabbed a seltzer bottle and start to squirt him in his big red face. He came for me, bellowing like a mad bull. I ran out the front door and took off, knowing that if big Jim caught me he'd beat me to a pulp. His trainer was up the street coming toward me, just in time to prevent Jim from overtaking a scared cop.

I'm not ashamed of being scared. Jeffries and I became good friends after that and had many a laugh about the incident. Jim was a mighty tough man. He had come up the hard way and had once worked up the street at the Baker Iron Works to harden his muscles for the ring.

THE political angle of my job finally came into the open and I was asked, while on my beat, to collect certain amounts of money from various saloons and bawdy houses and to turn over the cash to the officials, which I did. But when this came to light, I was called upon the carpet and fired. I had to earn my living by free-lance police work in and out of the sheriff's office. This is how I came to meet Wyatt Earp.

Wyatt was a soldier of fortune who drifted from Temescal, Riverside, up into Los Angeles looking for a job. He'd work for ten dollars a day. Captain Flammer, chief of detectives, was a friend of mine. Cap told me to go over to the Naddick House bar and there I would find Wyatt Earp, wearing a black Stetson. Earp had all the particulars on an extradition job Cap wanted done. Many jobs came in which were considered out-of-bounds for local police, and these were given to Wyatt after he first arrived in Los Angeles.

I went over to the Naddick House and saw a medium-sized man, a little under six feet, standing at the bar, drink in hand. He wore a broad-brimmed black Stetson. (Wyatt didn't start drinking until he was past fifty.) He was quite handsome and had the bluest eyes I ever saw. He spotted me at once, nodded, and we introduced ourselves.

I had a few drinks with this quiet fellow to become better acquainted with him. He wore no guns at all and was dressed neatly like any downtown businessman. I liked him immediately. He had a good sense of humor and didn't talk too much.

I told Wyatt how I had wound up my services as a Los Angeles police officer, how I had worked under the Parker regime and got into the payoff end of things, and how Parker had been replaced by a man named Alexander from Iowa. I related how I had sat in Parker's chair when he was cleaning out his offices and took care of the overflow of people who wanted permission to do this and that. I remember an old gypsy woman came to the desk and asked me if she could tell fortunes on Broadway. I told her to go ahead and tell fortunes for the whole city, and told all the pencil sellers and such to peddle their wares. We laughed over this, because the City Council was convening to receive the new mayor while I was granting unheard-of privileges.

OUR first assignment by Captain Flammer was to look for a man named Pearsons who had flown the coop into Mexico. He was a dope addict and a killer. I met Wyatt at his home on Seventeenth Street where he lived with his wife Josephine, whom he married in '98.

Wyatt wasn't sure at first that Pearsons had fled to Mexico, so we went down to the opium dens on Mott Alley (where the depot is today) and combed the tiers of dreaming souls. Opium was legalized and sold for two bits a card. (They used a playing card, doubling it up into a packet and putting the black opium into the fold. In that way the Chinee proprietor could keep count of what he had sold.) We couldn't see anybody who looked like our man lying on his hip in the bunks, and Wyatt said he had smelled enough "yen sheegow." So we pulled out, got us a couple of horses and headed for the border.

We crossed the line and learned that our man Pearsons was riding hard ahead of us into Mexico. Wyatt's left eye would twitch when he got mad and he breathed heavily, otherwise he showed no signs of emotion. I saw that he was a first-class man hunter the way he drove those horses, not stopping to eat or rest until we found our man at his dry camp. Wyatt shoved a forty-five into his face and told him to march. We brought him back to the border and then served papers on him after shoving him over the line to make it legal.

We were paid ten dollars a day for these services and went down into Mexico on several occasions. As extradition papers were slow in those days, we often drove a man back to Los Angeles by throwing him in irons and using a six-gun to persuade him we meant business.

On still another occasion, after Wyatt and I had stopped the run on the Hellman Bank by filling bags marked $10,000 with washers from the iron works, we got a special job to clean out a bawdy house where a lot of fighting was going on. This was an out-of-town assignment, and we got into a buckboard and started out. *(Continued on page 41)*

King's gun, .45-calibre, single-action Colt. Earp tried to borrow it once.

Stew for all is prepared in the huge copper kettle as in days gone by.

UTES at the Whiterocks Dance Grounds

By KATHRYN D. GROESBECK

A fragrant log fire burns in the chill mountain night, a tom-tom throbs--and the barbaric past comes stealing back for these modern-day Indians

IN early summer out in the Indian reservation country of eastern Utah, the Utes from the area gather for their ancient ceremonial, the Sun Dance, on the windy, flat, rocky uplands near Whiterocks. Once in July and again in August they "turn back the clock," and there below the snowy peaks of the high Uintahs, near cool streams, with the heat of day sometimes appalling and the nights chilling, there, in a setting primeval, they perform the ceremonial that carries them back into time long forgotten.

Along with this solemn, ancient rite is a combination of many things modern. The Utes come from Ouray, Duchesne, Whiterocks, Randlett, and all the bench area, some in new automobiles of modern styling, whole families sometimes in big cattle trucks, and a few in old "crates" that stall on the highway before they reach the dance grounds. Then in that lonely place, where the purple thistle and the short grass hold sway and the wild thorny bull-berry bush grows unmolested, they park their cars. Some pitch their tents near a few bushes and prepare to camp on the grounds. A few erect willow shelters for shade against the summer sun. Others make no temporary shelter as they plan to return to their homes daily. And all anticipate having a good time.

Wrapped always in their blankets and wearing head scarfs of brilliant hues and be-jeweled with their riches of silver and turquoise—a few with their dime store novelties—the older squaws present a flashing spectacle. As they tighten their wraps about their short, stocky bodies, the hems of their cotton house dresses flip with the breeze. Occasionally a beautiful beaded purse can be glimpsed in the movement, pinned securely to the dress. Most of the elders have their coarse, straight black hair stiffly parted down the middle with a tight braid on each side. A few bucks have dark silken scarfs on their heads with their wide-rimmed hats on top. Teen-agers come dressed like whites, girls in street dresses, full skirts and blouses, or sweaters and slacks, and boys in tight fitting Levis. The old with the new is everywhere evident. *(Continued on page 52)*

Some Utes in their feathered and beaded finery for the Turkey Dance entertain the public on this special occasion.

Photos Courtesy the Author

The roving gunslinger, the fearless lawman—who was often just another killer with a badge—have been glorified as the real heroes of the West. Compare their achievements with that of this man who was scornfully called

A Devil of A Looking Miner

Adolph Sutro, "a devil of a looking miner," swings a pick for a London photographer in the 1870's to publicize his great tunnel.

By RICHARD H. DILLON

Photos Courtesy the Author

NOT all the heroes of the American West carried six-guns or dressed in buckskins. Some wore serge and broadcloth and carried canes rather than Colts, but they too were pioneers and heroes in their way. One such man was a San Francisco businessman named Adolph Sutro. A German-Jewish immigrant from Aachen, he loved beauty, learning, and the common man, but hated corruption and the shady business barons who always moved in on a frontier once it was a safe place to make a profit.

Sutro had visited the Comstock Lode of Nevada shortly after the great silver strikes were made in 1859. As the shafts grew deeper and the costs of recovering the ore rose, a plan began to form in his mind. In a letter to the *Alta California* he broached his daring scheme—to drive an adit (a horizontal shaft) more than six miles into the heart of Mount Davidson to intercept the deepest shafts of the Virginia City mines. He would use the tunnel not only for removing ore easily and cheaply in mule-drawn cars but would also have it serve as an escape route for miners, a drain for the flooded mines and a giant ventilating duct for the noisome shafts.

Adolph Sutro took his plan to William C. Ralston, head of the all-powerful Bank of California. Ralston and his henchman, William Sharon, began to fear the honest and imaginative self-made mining engineer.

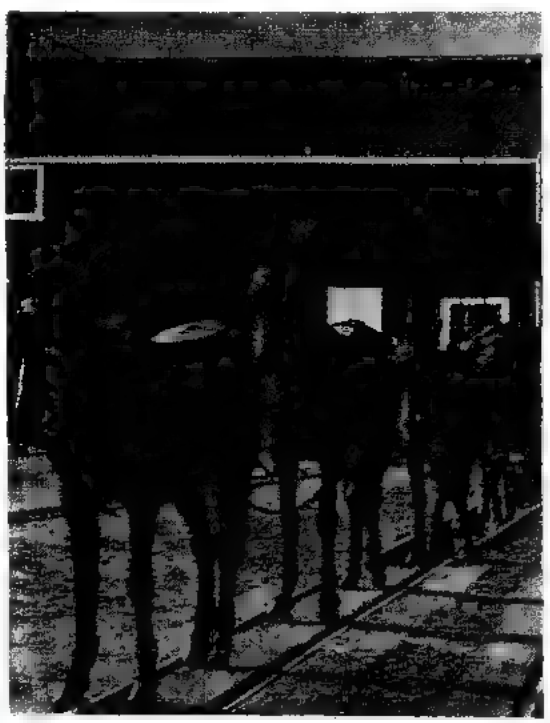
While Sutro scurried about the United States and Europe seeking a Congressional O.K. on his project and the necessary capital for its construction, Ralston began to oppose the plan. His new pumps—sent up from San Francisco—were beginning to catch up with the flooding. More important, he feared that a successful Sutro—earning two dollars on every ton of ore extracted after the completion of his tunnel (as the contracts with the mining companies specified)—might prove a serious rival to him. The Bank of California Ring, or "Ralston's Ring," had plundered Nevada all by themselves. They wanted no competition, honest or otherwise. If a tunnel should prove necessary, Ralston was perfectly ready to steal Sutro's project and build it himself.

The word went out from Ralston and Sharon. The "bought" newspapers like the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* and the *Gold Hill News* attacked the Sutro Tunnel and the San Franciscan who advocated it. Worse, Sutro found himself outlawed financially.

PEOPLE began to avoid Adolph Sutro, afraid that being seen with him might mean the loss of a job. Ralston and his cohorts expected him to quit and go back to 'Frisco and his tobacco business. No one had ever been able to buck the bank before. The tycoons did not reckon with Sutro's tough spirit. He had more nerve in one jowl than Sharon or Ralston had in their collective backbones.

Adolph Sutro kept fighting, pleading for funds to make a start within the time specified in his contracts with the mine companies. But the word went out

Below, the Sutro Tunnel in its earlie a mute monument to a man's unswerv



to banks, business houses—even to Congress. Sutro was a pariah and was not to be helped under any circumstances. He got hold of a telegram sent by Sharon to the two Nevada Senators, James W. Nye and William M. Stewart—"We are opposed to the Sutro Tunnel project and desire it defeated if possible." Stewart—the same Bill Stewart who was unafraid of Piute warriors and who had tamed the badman, Sam Brown—hurriedly resigned his position as president of the Sutro Tunnel Company and signified his yes-man status.

Persona non grata or not, Sutro was an honest man with a compelling manner. When the House Ways and Means Committee visited Virginia City, he took them up on the roof of the International Hotel and pointed out the features of his tunnel on the landscape. He regained some lost ground that day, but not enough. Sutro was as hard-headed, if not as grab-handed, as his competitors but perhaps he prayed for Divine help.

Suddenly it came, in the form of a tragedy. On the morning of April 7, 1869, the whistles of the Yellow Jacket Mine began to scream. Behind the racing fire engines of Gold Hill and Virginia City streamed a crowd of fearful women and children. Fire in the Yellow Jacket! Forty-six men below ground! While they watched and waited, they were driven back by a burst of flame and cinders which spewed forth from the mouth of the mine.

When a lift finally reached the top of the 800-foot shaft, there were three brothers on it—one unconscious and two dead. The superintendent sent the cage down again bearing a lighted lantern and a note asking the men to write where they were on the sheet of paper. When no signal came, the cage was hoisted again. A low moan escaped the crowd as they saw the message untouched, the lantern out.

The fire blazed on underground for months. Forty-two bodies were recovered; three were never found. This toll belatedly aroused the miners against the selfish Bank Ring and their disdain for safety precautions. Ralston hurriedly donated $5,000 to the widows and orphans of the trapped miners but his gesture could not undo the damage done him by the fire. He fooled no one. He was getting scared.

BEING a humane man, Sutro was saddened by the tragedy. No fool, however, he realized that the holocaust was his opportunity. No newspaper would print an advertisement for him or his tunnel, but he got hold of a press somewhere and ran off hundreds of posters. These broadsides he gave to every miner and laborer in Virginia City and Gold Hill. In huge type they invited the men to a mass meeting at Piper's Opera House on August 19 where Sutro would lay his whole tunnel plan before them.

The Opera House was jammed with rough men who admired the courage of the somewhat portly gentleman in sideburns who faced them from the stage. Sutro began by asking the men to support his tunnel, explaining that if he were given such a "home endorsement," he was sure Washington would back the plan. He then asked rhetorically "Why are all their" (the Bank of California's) "satellites and hirelings told they must defeat and oppose the tunnel project

(Continued on page 44)

. Right, the tunnel as it is today—
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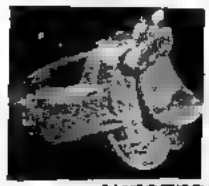

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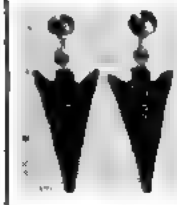

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Costliest Nap In Military History

(Continued from page 14)

they never got to sounding Santa Anna's favorite call—the beautiful and terrible strains of El Deguello—the "no quarter" call that had signalled the end for the brave defenders of the Alamo but six weeks before. The buglers were all shot down or discarded their instruments and fled to escape the Texans' vengeance.

When Santa Anna awakened from his siesta he could hear the last few mocking bars of "Will You Come to the Bower?" all but drowned out by the roar of guns and the screams of his dying countrymen. Then the Texan musicians had thrown aside their instruments to seize weapons and join in the slaughter.

RELENTLESSLY the Texans came on, shouting "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" and even occasionally "Remember La Bahia!" (the Spanish name for the mission at which the Goliad prisoners had been held captive before the massacre). Santa Anna's own men, in their last moments of life, begged for mercy. But nothing could stay the blood-wet hands of the Texan avengers. The Mexicans' frantic cries of "Me no Alamo! Me no Goliad!" seemed only to inflame them to greater fury, and soon the field was swept clean.

Houston, severely wounded in the van of the advance, had been trying almost from the time his men had passed the line of the Mexican breastworks to keep them in some kind of military order, and to stem the useless flow of enemy blood. He finally gave up, after the last Mexicans who dared to stay and fight had been dispatched, and after men had been detailed to guard the large body of cavalrymen surrendered by Almonte. "We are fortunate," the commander said soberly to Colonel Hockley, "to win the victory. A disciplined enemy force of even 200 men could have swung the course of the battle at any time."

About 500 Mexicans had been killed and an equal number had managed to escape death by surrendering. The rest, almost 400 strong, had fled in wild disorder. Most of them headed for Vince's Bridge. When they reached the bridge, with a small and equally disorganized Texan force pursuing them, most of them plunged their horses into the swollen Buffalo Bayou, trying to swim them across. But the bayou was more mud than water, and few, if any, reached the other side. The shifting quicksand swallowed some horses and men, and others were killed by the Texans. Others managed to surrender, and were fished out of the muck to be marched back into the Texan camp.

Santa Anna had fled with this group, and perhaps in advance of it. Experienced soldier that he was, he did not panic when he saw the ruins of the wrecked bridge. Quickly he turned his horse aside and fled into a grove of trees. The Texans failed to find him as they completed their grim work on the bank of the stream and then marched their wretched captives back to camp.

The general spent that night shivering miserably in a tree in fear of wolves attracted by the bodies of the slain. The next day he surrendered incognito to a party of Texans sent out to round up any Mexican stragglers who might still be in the vicinity. His rich clothes had been mostly discarded; replaced with simple frontier garb he had stolen from a nearby farmhouse.

Santa Anna used the disguise because he feared that if he were recognized he would be instantly killed. It worked well enough until he reached the Texan camp, but before he could be released to lose himself in the motley multitude of his own captured troops he was hailed by many of them as El Presidente. Immediately he identified himself and asked to be taken to General Houston. His request was granted.

FAWNINGLY, the great Mexican military leader placed himself under protection of Houston, who spared his life. But all else was lost. Santa Anna had to agree to order all Mexican troops out of Texas, and then he was held prisoner for almost a year. Once he returned to his shrunken homeland, which had lost a good fourth of its domain through his failure, he was forced to climb the long ladder of intrigue again before he could be reinstated as president. And with his great failure, much of his personal popularity had been lost.

Houston's official report of the battle listed the immediate losses of the Mexicans as 630 killed, 280 wounded, almost 800 prisoners. In striking contrast only seven Texans had been killed, less than thirty wounded.

Chests in Santa Anna's baggage were opened, and the equivalent of $12,000—mostly in English coin and currency—discovered there was divided equally among all the Texans. Other spoils of the battle included 900 English muskets, 300 sabers, 200 pistols, 300 mules, 100 horses, and assorted clothing and camp equipment.

Much more important was the loss of Texas. A vast area of 268,684 square miles had been lost to Mexico at a single stroke. Ten years later an even larger area, comprising all of California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona and Utah was lost to Mexico, along with New Mexico (which Texas claimed, but could not take).

All this sweeping loss of territory because of the laxity with which Santa Anna managed his camp. All this because of the imperfection of the military discipline he maintained. All this because he was too sure of himself. And finally—in the last analysis—all this because he simply took a nap at the wrong time. Truly, this was the costliest nap in military history.

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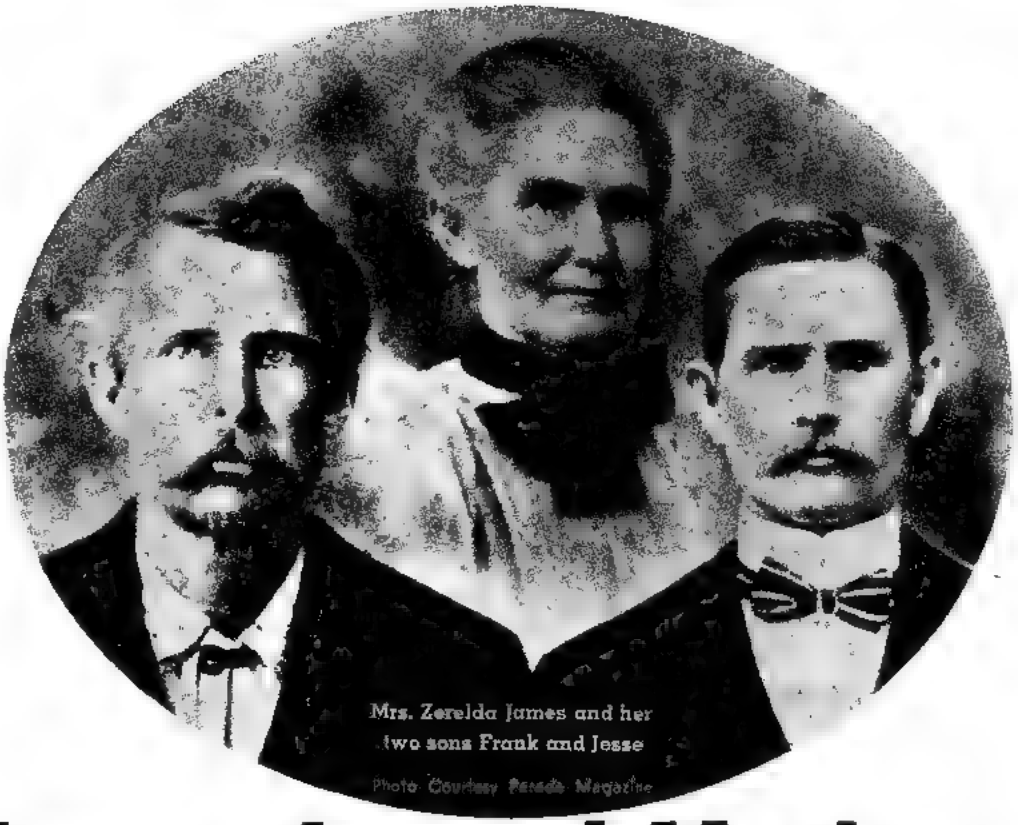
She was a crusty old soul; but you admired her no matter how else you felt



Mrs. Zerelda James and her two sons Frank and Jesse

Photo Courtesy Parade Magazine

I Knew Jesse James' Mother

By HOMER CROY

Editor's Note:

April 13, 1959, marked the seventy-seventh anniversary of the death of Jesse James, notorious bank robber of the old West. Shot down by Robert Ford, a member of his own band, James soon became a legendary figure. Today the legend still is growing, and the facts sometimes are obscured. Here, for the first time, author Homer Croy (who wrote Jesse James Was My Neighbor and Last of the Great Outlaws) offers facts about the woman behind James—his mother.

WHAT an amazing woman Jesse James' mother was! I used to go to her house, and there she was—six feet tall, people said.

She had only one arm. That added immeasurably to the wonder and mystery of her, as I knew her as a boy. Her right arm had been blown off by sneaking Pinkerton detectives. That's what we called 'em . . . In some strange way, she was sensitive about her arm and used to stand with it turned away so people could not see the stump.

She had courage. When the detectives crept up and threw the black-powder bomb into her house, she darted out the door and there they were—ten detectives squatting in the yard, this January morning at dawn. She shook what was left of her arm at them and defied them with words you won't find in your Sunday School lessons.

She started back into the house—and stumbled over the body of her son Archie, killed by the detectives. He was nine years old. The amazing woman went back into the yard and once more defied the detectives, again waving that stump. That strange, fiery woman had qualities that we have to admire.

I think she was about the first college graduate I ever saw (except some of my teachers). She had gone to a Roman Catholic convent in Lexington, Kentucky. Her graduation diploma hangs on the wall of her old home today and there you can see it, if you amble by. Her name was Zerelda E. Cole.

There was a young fellow named Robert James going to Georgetown College in Georgetown, Kentucky. He met the saucy young college girl. You know what happened.

But getting married wasn't quite the matter it might seem. She was sixteen and an orphan. So she had a guardian who looked the young, would-be preacher over and said, "You may not be able to support her. You've got to up a bond of fifty pounds of tobacco before I'll let you marry her."

The boy dusted around and got the tobacco. So she was called "the tobacco bride."

THE guardian was her uncle, Jesse Cole. When a blue-eyed baby came along, she named him Jesse for her uncle. That's how the Jesse name got in.

The family was living in Missouri and Jesse's father was preaching right and left. He helped start a college which is going today—William Jewell College. There's a charter hanging on the wall and there's Jesse's dad's name as big as life. Seems odd, doesn't it, that Jesse's father would help start a religious college?

And there you have it: Jesse's father a preacher, his mother a college graduate.

"Aunt Zerel" had an almost square face, high cheekbones, blue eyes and a temper that would fry an egg. And that's exactly what Jesse had.

She was in a Yankee neighborhood and kept shouting for the South. One day some Union soldiers rode up to the house and asked for Jesse, who was then fifteen. He was in the field plowing. The men went out where he was and beat him with a rope till the blood ran down his back.

His mother came running, flew into the soldiers and gave them a tongue-lashing that shook the daisies. She was so mad, so bitter—this mother fighting for her son—that the soldiers threw her into jail for two weeks. Jesse was never in jail a day in his life. What a contrast!

She began to fight for her children. They were misunderstood. She was like a character out of the Bible, this strange woman fighting for her errant sons.

She wanted Jesse to be a preacher, like his father. And Jess (she always called him "Jess") was minded that way. He liked to sing hymns. Once, for a short time, in Callaway County, he taught singing school. He carried a tuning-fork in his pocket. He'd sound it and the singers would raise the roof.

At the close of the Civil War, Jesse was on the way to a schoolhouse to surrender, when some Union soldiers saw him and shot him through the lungs. This shows how deep the bitterness between the North and South was at this time in our section. He was nursed back to health by a cousin, whom he later married.

Aunt Zerel said that her two sons—

(Continued on page 51)

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The Headless Warrior

(Continued from page 19)

plunged his knife into the screaming Mexican, Lone Wolf dismounted and attacked on foot, holding his lance above his head. He had already begun his death thrust when Mouse's Road slipped beneath the lance.

Grabbing him about the waist, Mouse's Road threw Lone Wolf to the ground and stabbed him in the hip. Struggling free, Lone Wolf tried to run away, but Mouse's Road caught him by his hair ornament and thrust his knife into his back. But the blade was deflected by the Kiowa's silver hair plate and snapped in two

Mouse's Road continued to stab him with the knife stub while the Kiowa screamed for help from his tribesmen. But no help came, and Lone Wolf feigned death to escape the fury of the powerful Cheyenne.

ANOTHER Comanche charged Mouse's Road, holding his lance well forward, intent on a kill. But Mouse's Road retrieved Lone Wolf's lance, turning in time to fend off the Comanche's thrust. Then he drove his own lance into the Indian's stomach, lifting him off his horse and holding him high above his head. Carrying him thus, he marched forward, then threw the Comanche's limp body back into the faces of his enemy. He signed for them to renew their charge.

The leader of the Kiowa-Comanche band stepped out and made signs to Mouse's Road.

"You have fought bravely," he signed. "To honor your courage, we give you your freedom. Return to your people and tell them what has happened here today."

Mouse's Road refused to go.

"My brothers have been killed," he signed to his enemy. "The rest of my life would be filled with sorrow if I left them. I must die here with my kind."

Then Mouse's Road prepared to meet the next attack. But the Kiowas and Comanches had no more stomach for the fight. They turned and rode away toward their camp. Catching up the horse of the Comanche he had killed, Mouse's Road charged after the retreating enemy.

Two Kiowas who had been away hunting during the battle came up to the hill in time to see their tribesmen fleeing from the lone Cheyenne horseman. They crouched behind a bush and waited until Mouse's Road came within range. Then they both raised their hunting rifles and fired together.

One ball missed and the other struck Mouse's Road in the thigh, knocking him from his horse and breaking his leg. Still Mouse's Road lost none of his courage. Even though he could no longer stand, he sat with his lance ready, challenging the Kiowas and Comanches to come to him and fight.

But the enemy only circled about him well out of range of his lance. When the two hunters joined their tribesmen, one of them sneaked up behind the disabled Mouse's Road and shot him in the back.

As soon as he fell, a Kiowa warrior charged in and with one blow of his war axe severed Mouse's Road's head from his body.

The weird thing that happened next struck terror into the hearts of all the Indians present. **The decapitated trunk of the lone Cheyenne suddenly jerked and sat erect!**

Although this was undoubtedly caused by a reflex action, similar to that of a chicken when decapitated, the superstitious Indians thought that Mouse's Road's spirit was rising up to fight once more! They fled in horror, believing they had killed a wizard.

INTO camp they raced, shouting in terror that the Cheyenne wizard was coming to kill them all. Quickly the tepees were struck and loaded on the travois. Before nightfall the entire village had fled from Big Sand Creek, still fearing that the Headless Warrior would follow and wreak revenge.

This story has lived down through the years of Kiowa and Comanche lore. It is told by these two tribes only, since all the Cheyennes involved in the fight were killed. The Kiowas and Comanches admit that Mouse's Road was the bravest warrior that ever lived.

If he was not, who can name a braver?

"Oh, sure, he tries to make it look easy, but I know for a fact he still nicks himself every now and then!"

Up Today and Down Tomorrow

(Continued from page 22)

into thin stuff half-inch thick, for boxes of some sort. The saw usually used up an inch of wood hammering its way through the log and to get a half-inch board from this process was not only a fearful waste of raw material but the precise result to be obtained was a matter of the wildest conjecture. However, we sawed up that cottonwood log, three feet in diameter, got seven thin boards —and a wagon load of sawdust. I stacked the boards out in the sun in a loose pile to season and within three days they had warped themselves out of the yard and were found in a neighbor's corral a mile down the creek."

And so went the "little old wood grinders" and the slow motion of a hundred water wheels. By the eighties and nineties more people were coming West, more ships crossing the ocean bars and sailing up the rivers, more railroad steel being laid and with all this progress came steam to steal the show.

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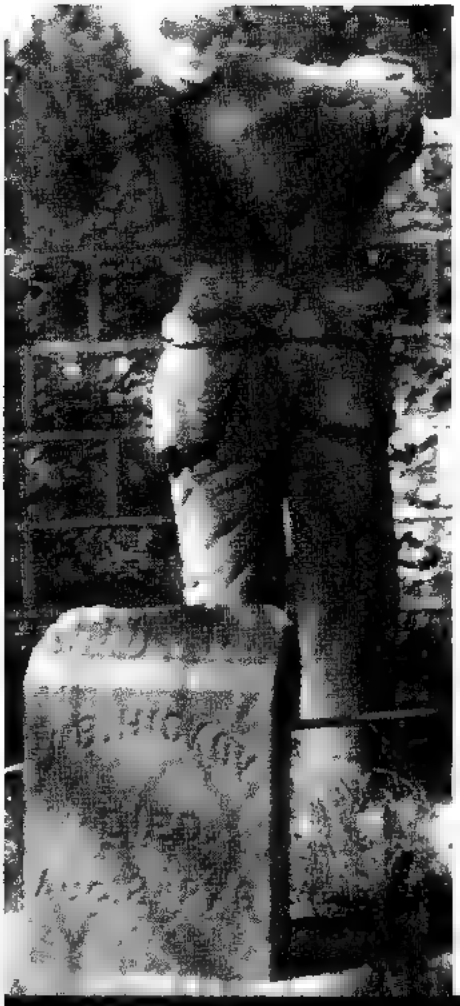

HOW WILD BILL HICKOK LOST HIS HEAD

By LEONARD HAROLD BOUCHER

IN the Good Old Days, Wild Bill Hickok was reported as being a very cool customer. He remained calm during an argument or gun fight and never lost his head. Not while he lived, that is.

To get quickly to the heart of the story, we must go back to Bill's burial at Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1876. The great gunslinger was originally interred in Boot Hill, but later on his body was exhumed and buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery. To date, his grave has been decorated by no less than five markers, two of wood and two of stone and one life-size statue, also stone.

The original wood marker was placed on Hickok's grave by a close friend, C. H. Utter, who has these words inscribed on it:

"Wild Bill, J. B. Hickok. Killed by the assassin Jack McCall in Deadwood, Black Hills, August 2, 1876. Pard, we will meet again in the happy hunting ground to part no more. Goodbye. Colorado Charlie, C. H. Utter."

Through the years, Wild Bill's grave has been visited by hundreds of tourists, and—like all people the world over—many were souvenir hounds. Take-home souvenirs were practically nil as far as Bill's grave was concerned—but there was always the wooden marker. Years ago, most tourists didn't lug cameras, so in lieu of pictures they hacked off pieces of the marker. Eventually, in order to preserve the marker for posterity, it was removed. Now it is on exhibition in the "Wild Bill Bar," the authentic scene of his death.

The next marker was stone. It was too heavy to carry away and too hard to chip—or so everyone thought. The souvenir hounds must have had a sixth sense, for they apparently came equipped with miners' picks or sledge hammers. Anyhow, chip by chip, the stone disappeared.

The next stone marker suffered the same fate, and it was replaced by a life-sized statue, also stone. A protective fence was erected around the grave, but the vandalism started again on a minor scale.

Years passed. The statue stood guard over the grave without suffering much damage until one day during World War II the head was discovered to be missing. It has never been recovered, nor has the identity of the person who took it ever been established.

The headless statue remained on the grave for a number of years before it was removed and placed in the Adams Memorial Museum in Deadwood. The present marker is a replica of the original wooden one erected by Bill's pal, Charlie Utter.

Some doubt exists as to when the last two stone markers were erected, or by whom. I have been unable to pin down names or dates. The first marker was believed to have been erected in 1891, the artist being J. H. Riordan.

So there you have the story of how Wild Bill lost his head, sixty-seven years after he died! A record, don't you think?

(Continued on page 53)

Wild Old Days

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Above is Wild Bill Hickok's graveside statue, from which the head was stolen. To the right is another Hickok monument erected earlier with the inscription:

"J. B. Hickok
Died Aug. 2, 1876
By Pistol Shot
Aged 39 Years
Custer
Was Lonely
Without Him
Erected by
J. H. Riordan
of N. Y. 1891"

This presents something of an intriguing mystery as Custer was killed June 25, 1876, some five weeks previous to Hickok. Why, then, was "Custer Lonely?"

This picture was sent to True West by Charles H. Runyon who has owned the original of it for 37 years now.

Mr. Runyon says a Deadwood photographer took the original picture, of which the photo at the right is a copy. Too, according to Mr. Runyon, the monument to the right was one of those that was chipped away by souvenir hunters.

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Above is the Main Plaza of the little town of San Antonio as it was in the 1850's. General Santa Anna occupied the house designated by an 'X'.

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No Help For the Alamo

(Continued from page 9)

leaving town for the country. It was not the season for Comanche raids and threats that kept Mexican settlers huddled together most of the year.

On February 22 Americans saw carts carrying Mexican goods and families out of town in all directions. Travis was very uneasy. He kept a lookout in the tower of San Fernando Church.

On the morning of February 23 the lookout rang the bell violently. He said that he had seen cavalrymen to the west, the sun glinting on their spears and that when he rang they disappeared into the brush. He could not show anybody what he said he had seen, and was discredited by men who did not want to believe facts. Dr. John Sutherland and John W. Smith, who had horses in a corral attached to the barracks, got permission from Travis to ride out on a scout. When they reached the crest of a hill about a mile and a half from the church, they beheld on prairie land beyond 1,200 or 1,500 cavalrymen, according to their estimate, forming in line of battle, their commander riding up and down in front of them waving his sword. They wheeled their horses and broke in a run for town. The sentry in the bell tower understood and began ringing furiously.

While all was movement within the fortification, Crockett stepped up to Travis and said, "Colonel, assign me to some place, and I and my Tennessee boys will hold it." Travis assigned him a picket stockade running from the southwest corner of the old church to the rock wall.

By three o'clock that afternoon Santa Anna was flying a red flag from the main plaza and had some of his batteries planted. Contrary to common belief, the Texans did not fly a Lone Star, but the tri-colored (red, white and green) Mexican flag with "1824" stitched across the white stripe.

At the sight of the red flag, Travis ordered a discharge of artillery toward it—out of range. About the same time, Bowie received a report that the Mexicans had sounded a parley. He sent out a note by a messenger bearing a white flag to inquire if a parley was desired. The answer, signed by Santa Anna's aide-de-camp, was that the only recourse for rebellious foreigners wishing to save their lives was to surrender unconditionally. This was probably Bowie's last official act. The next day he was helpless.

As soon as Travis could get his men together, behind the walls of the Alamo, after the arrival of Santa Anna's forces he made them a no-surrender oration. He sent Dr. John Sutherland and John V. Smith to Gonzales to plead for men and provisions. "We have 150 men," the hasty note reads, "and are determined to defend the Alamo to the last."

That night and the next Texans demolished jacales (cabins) within reach along the acequias (irrigation ditches) and dragged in wood for fuel. They had been dependent upon an acequia for water.

On February 24, Travis sent out the most heroic message in the annals of North American war. One imagines that he spent hours of the cannon-shaken night composing it; it was not addressed to the futile political authorities who had so often been besought, but—

"To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World—Fellow Citizens and Compatriots: I am besieged with a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then, I call upon you in the name of liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his own honor and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH!"

Travis' main hope was in Fannin, stalled in his Matamoros hallucination, at Goliad, where he occupied a walled-in mission. It stood on the San Antonio River, about ninety-five miles southeast of the Alamo. He had been receiving American volunteers and some supplies through Copano, a small port

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no longer extant. He had around 500 men under his command, some of them away on horse-hunting expeditions under officers as fatuous and unrealistic as he was and no more military in taking orders.

A week before Santa Anna hoisted the red flag over the main plaza in San Antonio, Travis sent Bonham to plead with Fannin for reinforcements and for amalgamation of the separated forces. Bonham did not return until the day Santa Anna arrived. He brought a conditional hope. Until almost the end of the siege, couriers, by following brush-lined irrigation ditches, passed in and out of the fort unintercepted.

ON February 27, Bonham again left for Goliad, with orders to return by way of Gonzales and try to spur on forces from that place. Fannin finally started for San Antonio, but three of his wagons broke down and he returned to the mission-fort at Goliad, presumably to wait until the ravens dropped serviceable oxen down to pull him out.

On March 3, after six days of hard riding, Bonham got back to the Alamo. Another man, maybe two men, rode with him until they came within view of the besieged fort. Here the man, or men, with Bonham said that to advance farther would be suicide. Even if they got inside, they were doomed. Bonham rode on alone. He had a white handkerchief tied as a band around his hat—a sign of recognition that had been agreed upon by him and Travis. The gate was open as he dashed up "on a cream-white horse all in a foam." The hour was eleven o'clock in the morning. The Mexicans seemed willing to let in anybody who wanted to enter the trap.

Two days before, on the night of March 1, thirty-two Texas citizens from Gonzales had been piloted into the fort by John W. Smith, the messenger who went out with Dr. Sutherland the day Santa Anna arrived. Smith went back to Gonzales for more men. When he returned the second time, Dr. Sutherland and the small company with him saw an advance guard of Santa Anna's soldiers moving toward them, heard no cannon and knew the Alamo had fallen.

The thirty-two Gonzales men were the only enforcements received by Travis. They gave him a total of 180-odd men. "Only the cries of their famished children and the smoke of their burning buildings will arouse the settlers," Travis wrote. About the same time, now in futile desperation, Fannin wrote: "I have but three Texas citizens in the ranks, and tho' I have called on them for six weeks, not one arrived . . . If I am lost, be the censure on the right head, and may my wife and children and children's children curse the sluggards forever."

The main settlements of Texas, on the Colorado and the Brazos and further east, were a long, long way off, and it was increasingly evident that no help could be expected from them.

Nightly the beleaguerers improved their positions around the barricades and daily received reinforcements. The Mexican marches across waterless lands on both sides of the Rio Grande were slow and tortured. At intervals, when they were free from manning the walls and guns, the Texans mounded up dirt against their walls to counteract the effect of cannon balls. In darkness they sallied out to destroy horses used by Mexican riflemen. Mexican rifle fire was absolutely ineffectual, and it would seem

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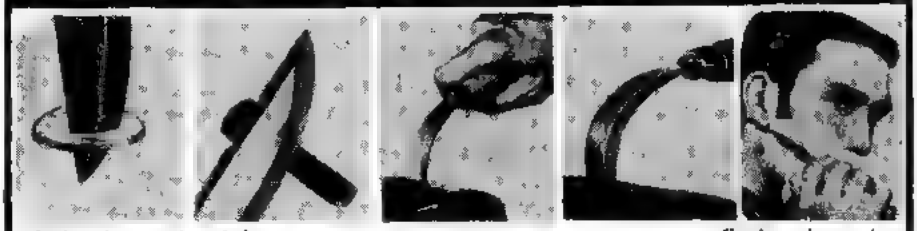

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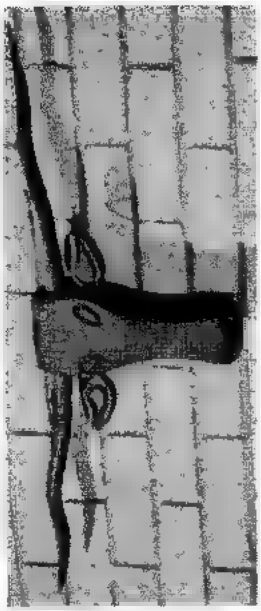

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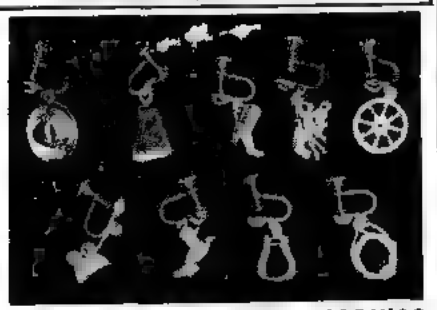

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that no Texans were killed by the cannonading. Yet it was almost continuous, keeping the defenders at their positions and preventing sleep. There were not enough defenders to afford any relief from duty. The two acres of fortified ground would have required about a thousand men for rotation of man power. The only sleep the Texans got was in snatches at the positions designated for every man. Their only food was meat, mostly jerked, and bread of corn; sometimes only parched corn. They had no coffee, tea or sugar, and it is doubtful if a sip of any kind of liquor was left. Night alarms were frequent.

The famous Davy Crockett, who perished in the Alamo.

The defenders had to reserve firing on account of the shortage of powder. One day a cannon ball they discharged all but demolished the house occupied by Santa Anna. Occasionally a Mexican received a rifle hit.

A side room to the Alamo chapel held a supply of powder left by Cos. It was ineffective in cannon, much less in rifles. According to general agreement, the last Texan left alive would, after the Mexicans poured in, fire the magazine and blow some more of them to hell.

On March 4, unknown to the Texans, Santa Anna called a council of war to consider assault on the Alamo. General Cos, who had returned to Texas in violation of the terms of his surrender at San Antonio, General Castrillon and others advised awaiting the arrival of two twelve-pounders expected on the seventh before making an assault. Santa Anna already had more than 5,000 men at San Antonio. He dismissed the council without announcing a decision. An unusually heavy bombardment was kept up all day.

By two o'clock on March 5, a Saturday, Santa Anna had issued confidential orders to his subordinates to begin the assault at four o'clock the next morning. It was to be made by four columns, one to each side of the quadrangle, each supplied with axes, crowbars and scaling ladders. The cavalry was to be stationed in the rear around the fortress to prevent desertion of their own troops and escape of any Texan.

About ten o'clock at night of March 5 all firing ceased. Travis and other men seemed to have realized that this was the lull before the storm. The Texans worked until midnight strengthening their positions. Three pickets were placed outside the walls to raise the alarm in case of attack; a single sentry stood or walked somewhere within the fortifications. For twelve days and nights there had been almost no surcease to besieger bombardment and to defender vigilance. Now in the quietness the men fell asleep beside rifles and cannon.

Whether the first charge was made at four or five o'clock is debatable. It was announced by a single bugle blast, and then by shouts of rushing Mexicans The Mexican artillery could no longer fire without danger to its own men

"Come on, boys, the Mexicans are upon us," Travis yelled as he ran across the courtyard to a cannon at the northeast corner

There was evidently enough light from the sky to enable the Texan cannons to rake the assaulting columns. The Mexicans fell by the hundreds. They reeled back twice before making the third rush that carried them to the walls. Here the cannon could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, but rifle fire on them as they scaled the ladders was deadly. Many fell from blows on the head, knocking down men beneath them. According to one reliable account, out of 830 men in the Toluca battalion, only 130 were left alive. With sabers and pistols, reserves behind the attackers forced them on.

Meanwhile Mexican buglers were blasting out the dreadful notes of El Deguello—the call of fire and death that had come down from Moorish Wars in Spain—deguello meaning literally "throat-cutting."

WITHIN half an hour from the time of the first assault, Mexicans were pouring over the walls—"pouring over like sheep," Travis' slave boy Joe, who survived, said. In the hand-to-hand fighting, the Texans, unable to reload rifles and pistols, used them as clubs; they cut with knives and swords, grappled bare-handed. Travis was shot through the head beside his cannon. Bonham fell at another cannon. Crockett was still defending the picket stockade when he fell. Bowie died on his cot after he had emptied his pistols into invaders of his room; some claim that in a paroxysm of fury he arose from the cot and killed with his knife.

The last retreat was into the chapel. Here Maj. Robert Evans had seized a torch to pitch into the powder magazine when he was shot down.

According to one Mexican account, five empty-handed Texans tried to surrender and were slaughtered

It is impossible to be absolute on the number of either Texans or Mexicans killed. There could hardly have been a dozen more than the 187 Texans listed by Amelia Williams, the final scholar on Alamo history. In his official report Santa Anna said that he lost seventy men and killed 600 Texans. His private secretary said that the Mexican dead amounted to 1,544; a Mexican sergeant

reported around 2,000. Other reports range between 521 and 1,200. Around 1,500 seems a credible figure.

After the last Texan was killed, Santa Anna asked to be shown the bodies of Travis and Bowie. Then he ordered his cavalry to drag in mesquite wood for burning the bodies of all Texans. The wood and the dead were piled up layer by layer and fires started.

The dead Mexicans were ostensibly given Christian burial, but the trenches dug in the graveyard were not long or wide or deep enough to hold all the bodies, and many were pitched into the San Antonio River.

Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none. None but a woman and a slave—who escaped to freedom the next year.

ON March 2 the long-awaited Declaration of Texas Independence had been issued at Washington-on-the-Brazos by men elected to form a new government. With full executive powers, General Houston was forming an army to fight Santa Anna even before he heard of the fall of the Alamo.

Two Sundays following the fall, Fannin surrendered to one of Santa Anna's divisions all his men who had not been cut off and cut down. A week later, on Palm Sunday, March 27, the unarmed prisoners were marched out, formed in lines and shot down by their guards. This was the Goliad Massacre.

Now the inhabitants of Texas were abandoning their homes everywhere and fleeing east in what is called the Runaway Scrape. Santa Anna was extending his lines; Houston was shortening his. On April 21, at San Jacinto on Buffalo Bayou, near what is now the city of Houston, the Texans charged the Mexicans, yelling "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" Their fury was unbounded. With few losses they annihilated Santa Anna's army. Many a Mexican trying to surrender called out, "Me no Alamo, me no Goliad."

"Remember the Alamo!" That cry, like the shot fired at Concord, has been heard around the world.

San Jacinto effected an independent republic. The Alamo made a drama of life and death immortal. Also it made Santa Anna's forces remarkably less formidable; softening them up for Houston's dramatic victory at San Jacinto.

The Last Man

(Continued from page 30)

When we got there we made our way up into the second story of an old Spanish adobe building. Along the hall we saw a couple of men badly cut up, and inside the room a woman lying on the bed. A young man, a nice-looking lad, stood dazedly beside the bed.

Wyatt asked him to step out into the hall and asked why he had cut up the two men we had found lying in the hallway. He replied that he was from Iowa, and that those two men had paid the woman in the room money to stay with her.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Wyatt. "She works here, doesn't she?"

The boy didn't answer, so Wyatt got him by the collar and marched him downstairs. When we got to the bottom he was ready to talk. I could see that Wyatt liked the lad and really wanted to let him go, since he had done no-

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thing more than cut those fellows up a bit. He let go of the boy's collar and asked: "What's a nice young fellow like you doing in a place like this?"

"That woman is my mother," the boy said dully.

Wyatt Earp was a tough old lawman and I was far from soft myself, but that just about shocked us speechless. We stood there looking at that lad and finally told him to go on about his business. I told the boy to go get his mother and I'd pay half the train fare for them to go East. Wyatt said he'd pay the other half. The lad tried to thank us, but he choked up and couldn't say a word. We never saw him again.

Captain Flammer next, as I remember, sent us to work for the Borax outfit to protect their surveyors, who were being shot at because it was claimed the Borax people were claim jumpers. Wyatt and I and our deputies had to push that damned Franklin car of Earp's over the Saugus grade, as it did not have enough power to climb on over. We found our surveyors, and nothing happened except Wyatt had to grab a shotgun away from a belligerent claim jumper and send him on his way.

The upshot to this incident was that the U. S. Marshal from San Barnardino, named Durwood, came out and placed us under arrest, as we had no authority—according to him—to act as police officers. So we had to follow the Marshal back into San Bernardino over the hot Mohave Desert. However, we were not locked up, as the jail was full and the Marshal had learned something of the celebrated prisoner he had in his custody. He turned us loose and told us to go tell Captain Flammer he'd better get us the proper authority to go chasing off claim jumpers on Government property.

WYATT and I got along first-rate. He was a quiet man and I grew used to his attitude. He wasn't given to telling of his experiences, but once when we were camped out in Mexico on the trail of a killer, Earp gave me his version of the O. K. Corral gun battle in Tombstone on September 26, 1881; one of the most famous shootouts in Western history.

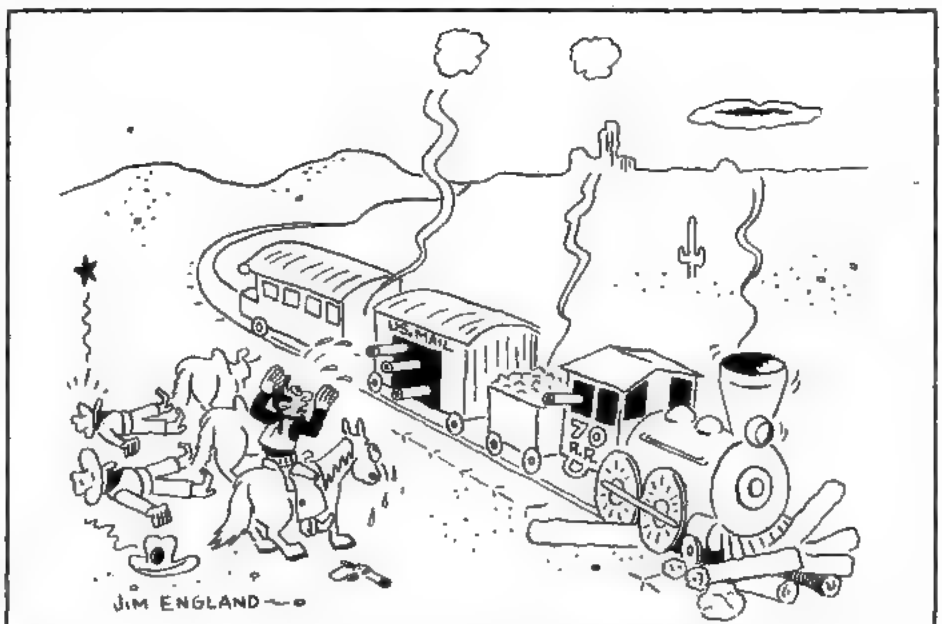
According to Earp's own words, he and Doc Holliday, the celebrated dentist gunslinger, were up at Doc's girl friend's house, Big-Nosed Kate, in Tombstone. Virg and Morgan, Wyatt's brothers, were also there, playing cards. The Clantons and McLowerys and Claybourne were making the rounds of the saloons and getting quite drunk. Wyatt had a little Mexican boy whom he sent downtown to watch them. The boy reported that the gang was bragging about killing the Earps and Doc. Wyatt shrugged that off as mere whiskey talk, but when the boy came back again and told Wyatt they were saying that he was a no-good S. O. B., and that he was yellow to his backbone along with the rest of his outfit, Wyatt's eye started to twitch and his breathing became heavy. Doc jumped up and told Wyatt the time had come to settle things with the Clantons and McLowerys.

Doc put a sawed-off shotgun under his coat—it wasn't much longer than a big pistol—and Doc, Wyatt, Morg and Virg moved up the street toward the O. K. Corral. They saw the Clanton horses were still there and moved into the shadows to hide in among the hay and buggies and harness.

In about an hour, said Wyatt, the bunch of drunks showed up. Wyatt, Doc, Virg and Morg rose up together and gave them a blast which dropped the McLowerys to their knees. Billy Clanton fell on his face near the drinking trough.

It was all over in less than thirty seconds; a far different story from the stretched-out fabrication we hear today, or the movie version which shows Doc with a pistol rather than a shotgun. Anyhow, that's the story of the fight at the O. K. Corral right as I heard it from Wyatt Earp himself.

As may be seen from his description of this famed gunfight, Wyatt was a careful, cautious operator. He never made a play without a cover man. People today have the idea that he walked out into the middle of the street to shoot it out cold turkey; that is definitely not true. I suppose the reason Wyatt liked to work with me was because I was a crack shot and could protect him when he was in trouble.



"Course not, fellows! All we wanted was a drink of water!"

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THE only time I ever saw Wyatt Earp act on impulse of anger was just about the time we parted company. This was in 1912 when about 7,000 cars were in the state of California and Wyatt's gunslinging days were over. I parted with Wyatt in a saloon on Spring Street. He had been drinking and got into a row with a couple of fellows at the bar. I went outside to avoid a shooting. Wyatt came out and demanded my gun.

"You can go to hell," I said. "I'm not going to let you kill those fellows."

"You are no friend of mine," snapped Wyatt, mad as the devil and breathing hard.

He turned away from me and walked back into the saloon. I didn't follow him; he was getting along in years but he could still handle himself in a rough-and-tumble fight. I learned later that he had beaten those fellows up pretty bad. Over what I never discovered.

I saw Wyatt at various times at the bars after that, but he never said more than "Hello." We drifted apart, after having shared the same campfire for two years or more.

Much has been written about Earp that is not true. For example, he never was quite as tall as TV and movies make him out to be. He was a gentleman, yet always ready for a scrap, and a master pistol shot. His draw was only fairly fast but his accuracy was uncanny. I never saw him wear a Buntline Special; I heard he lost it on his way to Alaska while aboard a boat. I doubt this, as Wyatt seldom wore a gun.

My wife wanted me to quit the free-lance law game, so I went into the real estate business in Culver City, next door to the old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Will Rogers used to come into my little office and make me laugh with his drawling wisecracks. Other movie notables often dropped in. There was always something interesting going on at that old movie lot.

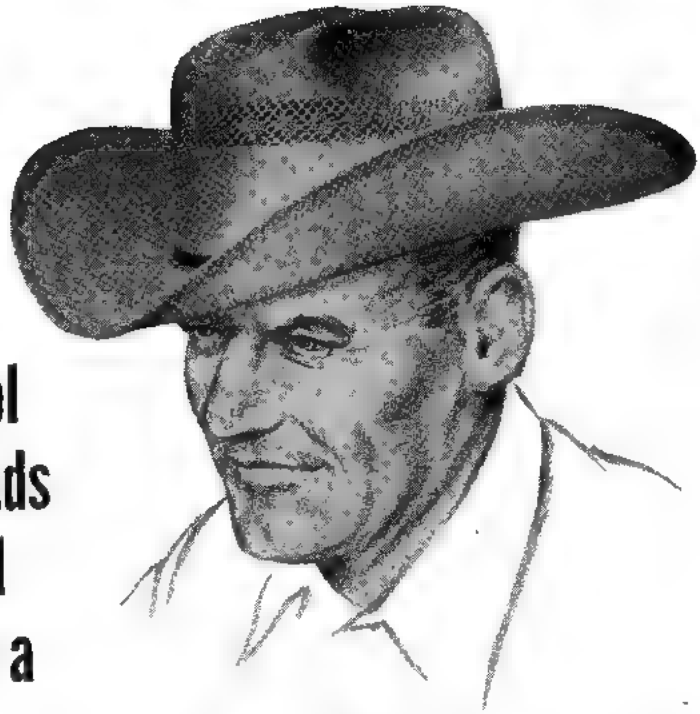
Finally, I left Los Angeles and drifted north with my wife to Del Norte County, where I eventually ended up owning a 10,000 acre cattle ranch and sold it off at a good price. Then I moved on down to Santa Rosa, where I have lived for many years.

I never talked of my relationship with Wyatt Earp until one morning in 1956. I picked up a newspaper and saw a reproduction of a portrait of Wyatt painted by Lea F. McCarty, the man to whom I am telling this story. I went to his studio to have a look at that painting and we became good friends.

Nor did I dream that someday I would have my own portrait painted by this artist and that it would hang alongside Wyatt's. I do believe that my little talk will shed more light on history and show Wyatt Earp as a man who has been highly overrated in deeds of daring, but not shown up enough as a true product of the old West. He was a lawman, first, last and always, and he never let any man get the jump on him if he could help it.

Wyatt Earp was never a U. S. Marshal to my knowledge, nor a deputy. A warrant was issued for his arrest after he had shot down the murderer of his brother Morgan in Tombstone. But he was never arrested and some time afterward was offered the U. S. Marshal's post for the state of Arizona, which he declined.

Lea McCarty has an interesting letter



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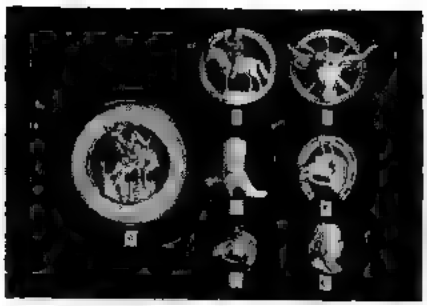

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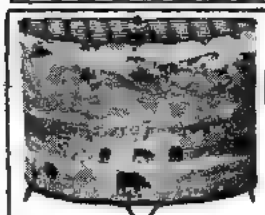

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from the Justice Department concerning Wyatt. It reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. McCarty: . . . a search was made of our records without disclosing any official documents or papers indicating that Wyatt Earp ever held a regular commission as a United States Marshal or deputy. A check was also made with the National Archives with negative results.

"I regret that we cannot verify your information, etc. . . . I also regret that we have no information on the badge worn at the time, so your guess as to the use of a star is as good as ours.

Sincerely yours,
S. A. ANDRETTA
Assistant Attorney General"

Yes, I am the last man, so they say, to form a living link between the present and the old ace gunfighter and lawman. Wyatt was all of that, even if he never was a U. S. Marshal and lacked the lightning draw of the modern TV heroes. But he hit what he aimed at, and that was enough to keep him alive to the ripe old age of eighty-one.

"This altitude ever affect your ears?"

A Devil of a *Looking* Miner

(Continued from page 33)

with all their might and power, by fair and foul means? . . . Why do they threaten to discharge their employees if they take a hand in it? . . .

"Let me tell you why they tremble with fear lest work on the tunnel be started; let me explain to you why they make you work in foul atmosphere, which sends half of you to your graves in the prime of manhood; let me show you why they have allowed forty-five of your miners to be foully murdered at the fire of the Gold Hill mines, for the want of an exit through the tunnel; and let me show them to you in their true colors and then hold them up to the shame, contempt, and ignominy they so richly deserve."

The miners applauded the humble man who was fighting their battle. In the flamboyant rhetoric of the times Sutro explained how the Bank Ring controlled mines and mills and banks, and how they swindled and humbugged stockholders—many of whom were miners in the audience. He then answered his own question as to why the Ring so violently opposed the construction of the Sutro Tunnel:

THEY have thus far had things their own way, and have with a high hand grasped and taken everything worth having in the State of Nevada. They, like the devil fish, have reached out their slimy arms and taken hold of everything within reach, and nothing can escape their deadly grip. Do you think for a moment that they would allow so valuable a property as that of the Sutro Tunnel to escape? . . . The tunnel they know full well is the key to this mountain and these mines, and will and must control and own this whole district. If that tunnel is constructed by third parties, their monopoly will be utterly broken up and ended."

In closing, Sutro asked them to contribute ten dollars each per month toward his tunnel. If each miner would sink just thirty-three cents a day into his scheme—less than they spent on booze and cigars every day—he could build his tunnel which would make the Comstock mines a safe place to work. He asked them to rise up and help him but warned against their using violence to "crush out that hydra-headed monster, that serpent in your midst—the Bank of California . . . They know full well that the first pick struck in the Sutro Tunnel will be the first pick into their graves!"

The angry miners, despite Sutro's plea for peaceful means, were sufficiently aroused to have strung up Sharon or any of the other bank barons. They milled about town until daylight, the police being unable to force them to disperse. Finally, the law called upon Sutro in the morning. He circulated among them and, by using all his personal influence, prevented an outbreak of violence.

On August 25 the Virginia City and Gold Hill miners' unions, in a joint meeting, backed Sutro and pledged $50,000 immediately. Sutro took the gold coin and started to work. By October 19, a small army of miners, picnickers and Piute free-loaders—assured of roast pork and beef, bread and beer by Sutro's handbills—converged at the base of Sun Mountain for the ceremonial start of the tunnel.

Sutro took off his beaver hat and Prince Albert, rolled up his sleeves, spat on his hands and hefted a miner's pick. Oblivious to the rain which fell intermittently, he gave a brief speech on the importance of the tunnel while he rested the pick on his right shoulder. Finally, he drove the pick deep into the earth and dislodged a great clod of dirt and rocks. The tunnel was begun.

ADOLPH SUTRO shrugged off the yapping of the *Gold Hill News* which tried to ridicule the ceremony, calling Sutro "the great Assyrian tunnel digger," "a sickly imitation of a miner," and "a devil of a looking miner." He renewed his fight for funds. His bond sales failed in England and he was turned down on loans in France and Richmond, Virginia, but he found powerful financial backing in the McCalmont banking firm of London.

The new men who were coming to power in the Comstock—the Bonanza Kings Flood, Fair, Mackay and O'Brien—opposed Sutro and his two dollar roy-

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alty as much as did Sharon and Ralston. The San Franciscan ignored them and concentrated his attention on fighting nature's hard rock, foul air, hot water, cave-ins and swelling clay. He drove his men and mules into the base of Mount Davidson, inching their way towards the mine shafts 20,489 feet from his tunnel entrance above the Carson River. He sank air shafts to the tunnel, he bought improved Bureligh and Ingersoll drills, he used blowers and he gave his men ice and cold drinks. Mules stood stubbornly by the air pipes, refusing to budge, candles faltered in the foul air and men dropped to the tunnel floor. A dozen men died although Sutro set up a hospital in the little town of Sutro which grew up around the tunnel mouth. Much of the time the men found Sutro working with them, stripped to the waist. Every twenty-four hours his men cut through sixteen and a half feet of tough rock though the temperature soared to 114 degrees at the face of the heading. Men suggested that he sink a vertical shaft from the tunnel to Hell to get a draft of cool air!

Finally the miners working on the 1,640 foot level of the Savage Mine began to hear Sutro's tunnelers blasting and drilling their way towards them. By July 8, 1878, only a few feet of tough igneous rock separated the men and Sutro wired the superintendent of the Savage Mine to get his men out of the way because, when he knocked away the thin wall of rock, a great "column, several thousand feet in length, of hot, foul air" would be set in motion. It might prove fatal to those in its path.

That day a drill from the Savage Mine punched through into the tunnel and a great rush of air hissed through. A miner put his ear to the hot air of the hole and heard one of Sutro's men say "How's everything?" The miner answered "First rate."

AT eleven, Sutro himself was at the heading's face, sealing in the eight Rigorret powder cartridges which the Savage miners shoved into the drill hole. The explosion which followed was accompanied by a blinding cloud of dust and smoke. Suddenly, lanterns and stope lights went out and the men felt and heard a great rush of noxious air which flowed up the Savage stope from the Sutro Tunnel.

A ladder was dropped to the floor of the tunnel, which lay some ten feet lower than the base of the Savage mine. Up it came a dirty, flushed Sutro. He stood framed for a moment in the gap, then the great wind caught him and sucked him into the Savage Mine and across it. He picked himself up, bruised and bleeding but triumphant. After nine years of digging and almost twenty years of planning, he had won his battle.

Every day from three and one-half to four million gallons of water coursed through the Sutro Tunnel. Although the mines were already past their peak, the tunnel paid off. In one year alone, two billion gallons of water was drained from the stopes. The Comstock was saved by the tunnel—"Sutro's grave" or the "Comstock coyote hole."

Sutro had his answer to the question he had thrown to the miners at his mass meeting after the Yellow Jacket fire—"Will you see me crushed out now? Will you allow that monstrous combination to trample me underfoot? Will a chivalrous people allow one individual to be set upon by a whole pack of hounds?"

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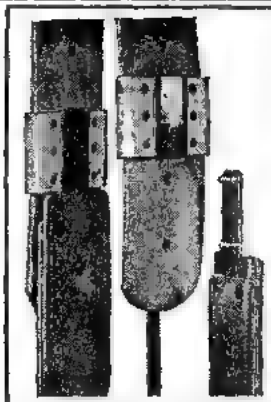

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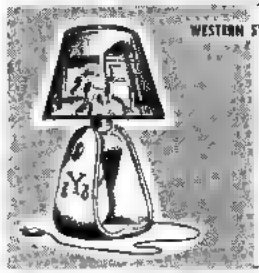

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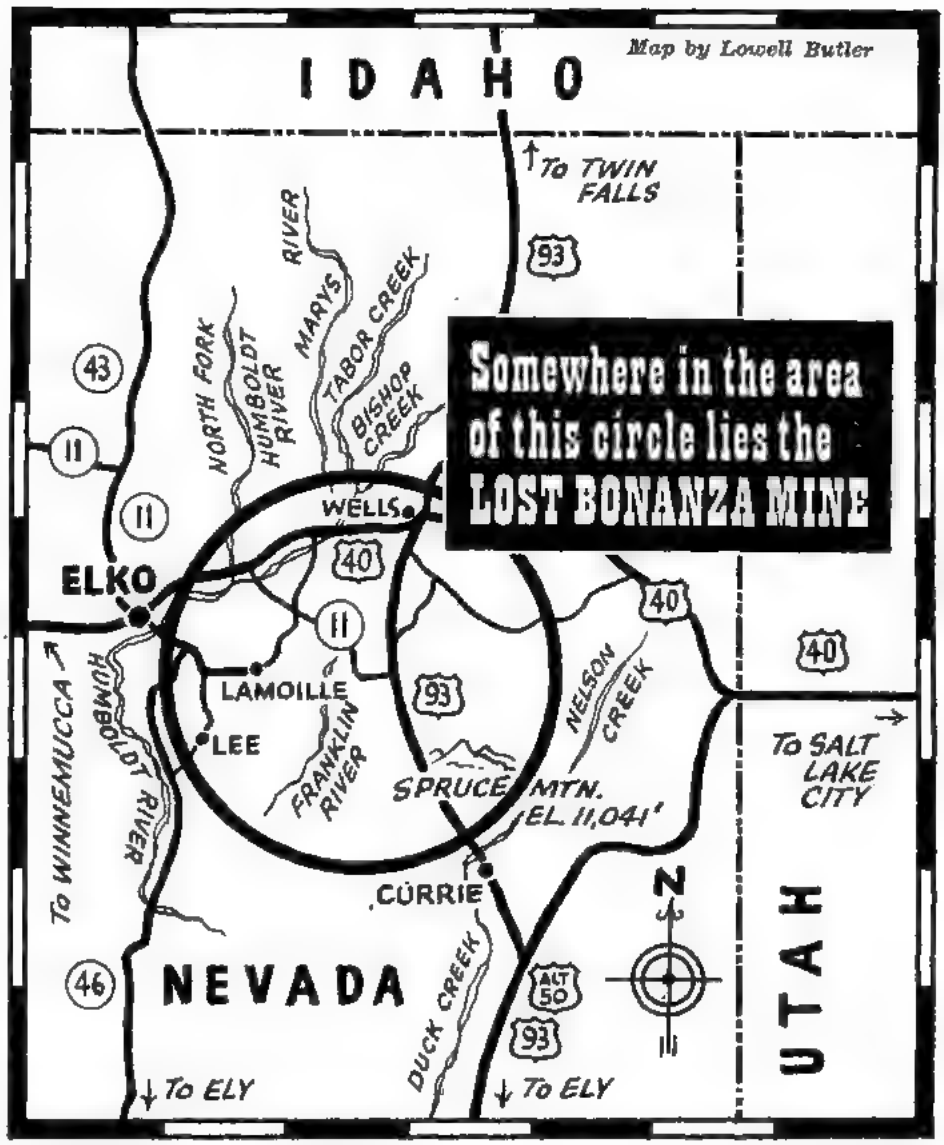

The Lost Bonanza

(Continued from page 17)

stood her share of guard duty or nobody would stand guard. Apparently the two older wives patched up their quarrel long enough to join forces, which made their demand much more effective.

There was little Esterly could do about it as of that moment for he was still too weak to stand on his feet. Bridget was told to stand her share of guard duty. Esterly regretted this order to his dying day, for that night the Indians attacked. Unlike the Plains Indians who preferred to do their fighting in daylight, the Goshute tribe, which these Indians were, were noted for sneak attacks at night.

Awakened by their hideous screams, Esterly seized his rifle and began firing at the shadowy figures circling the camp. Mary and Rita joined him in the battle.

After about five minutes of much shooting the Indians were driven off, and when they had cleared out, Bridget, who had last been seen walking her post near the burros, was not to be found. She had been seized and carried off by the screaming warriors. Also two of the burros had been filled with arrows and had to be shot.

HEARTBROKEN by his loss and still feverish, Esterly was in no condition to mount and ride after the redskins. Late that afternoon three bearded men, themselves traveling from Salt Lake to California, put in their appearance. When they learned of the raid, they quickly set out on the trail of the marauders, telling Esterly to wait for them. If they could not find the Indians in two days they would return.

Esterly waited five days, and when they did not show up on the sixth day he knew any further waiting would be a waste of time. He also knew that he would never see his Bridget again.

The party turned west once more, into the sun. But on the river below them they sighted a large concentration of Indians, encamped with their squaws. Withdrawing into the hills, Esterly scouted the camp all afternoon, but he saw no sign of Bridget. By their war paint he detected that this was a different tribe, probably from the north. He'd recognized the attacking Goshutes from their headdress, for he'd been told to be on the lookout for them, but he did not know if this tribe was friendly or warlike. He dared not take a chance, so the little party moved on.

It was the next morning, as they prepared to break camp, that Esterly came upon the vein of gold-streaked ore. At first he could not believe he was seeing right and he called the two women over. "What color is that stuff?" he asked, pointing to the streaks running through the rock.

"Yellow," Mary replied.

"It looks like gold," Rita said.

"By gum, it is gold!" Esterly decided.

With a pickaxe he carried on one of the pack burros, he knocked off several pieces of quartz and it was these same samples that months later would startle an assayer in Carson City and start a town buzzing with excitement.

Realizing the tremendous potentiality of his find, Esterly climbed the ridge and along the vein which cropped up here and there he could see gold. It was from the ridge that he looked up for the first time and saw the narrow line up the mountain that marked the course of the vein. He said later that it looked as if the top of the mountain had been sliced off, maybe during the ice age, leaving the vein exposed.

"We must tarry a while and stake a claim," Esterly told his wives. "There's enough gold in this mountain to make a thousand people fabulously rich."

But tarrying was impossible. The Indians camped in the stream's little valley below were seen moving out in small groups, apparently looking for them. They traveled that night by moonlight, putting distance between them and the redskins.

"I was so busy trying to stay out of the way of those red devils that I didn't make proper observations," Esterly was to say much later, when he'd made several futile trips back. Another thing that was against him was the weather. It turned cloudy and for three days the sun was obscured. On the fourth day when the sun finally did come out, they were traveling east instead of west.

They never again saw the stream that they thought was the Humboldt, or if they did they did not recognize it as such.

AT the end of sixteen more days of travel they arrived at Jacob's Well, eight miles southwest of what was to become the present bustling town of Austin. They were more dead than alive, Esterly recalled. Mary was ill with fever and Rita was suffering from a strained back. All three were little more than skin and bones.

Mary died a few days later from the fever and Rita came down with it, but finally pulled through. The death of Mary made Rita's marriage to Esterly legal, for now he had but one wife.

Esterly told no one at Jacob's Well about his rich find. He wanted to get to Carson City and have the ore assayed.

After three more weeks of weary going, Carson City was reached and Esterly took his ore to Assayer Fred Dixon. The man's eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

"Where'd you get it? Around here some place?"

"I found it a long way from here," Esterly said guardedly. "More than 500 miles."

Dixon's report was breath-taking. "It's the richest ore I've ever seen," he said. "Every pound is worth seventy-five dollars. You've nine pounds here and that's nearly $700. Think what a ton would be worth. Over $150,000!"

Such news could not be smothered. All Carson City was soon agog. Because Esterly had said the scene of his discovery was a great distance away, everyone suspected it was in fact near by and he was trying to cover up.

As a result, his every move was watched. Any time he left the tiny settlement he was followed. Even his wife, Rita, was watched.

Anxious to go back, Esterly knew he could not make the trip alone. He would have the Indians to contend with, and he would need a strong force to keep them off.

Finally he organized a crew, promising to cut them in on the gold. There were eight men, and they were equipped with pack animals and supplies to last at least three months. In order that they might ride to the spot unobserved, three riders dropped back to watch for possible spies.

But already Esterly was worried. He knew the way back to the last stream he had crossed, three days travel from Jacob's Well, but from there on he was not sure of himself.

After four days of travel in a northerly direction, one member of the party suggested that if Esterly was sure his find was on the headwaters of the Humboldt, they follow the stream to its head. This plan was adopted and two weeks later Esterly stood on a little knoll and gazed off south to the distant snow-capped peak. It now looked farther away than he remembered it and they moved south in an effort to find the stream where Esterly had seen the Indian encampment. But he never found it. There was so much dissension among the other seven men, who began to accuse Esterly of leading them on a wild goose chase, that after five weeks of fruitless searching for the fabulous gold vein, the party returned to Carson City.

ANOTHER search was not organized until three years later, this time only three men accompanying Esterly and his wife Rita, who was taken along on the chance that her memory would prove more reliable than her husband's. But it didn't. They had been dodging too many Indians, she said, for her to remember all the streams they had crossed and the routes they had followed.

During the next ten years, Esterly made eight more trips into headwaters of the Humboldt, his wife accompanying him on most of them, but it was always the same story. They never could find the dry wash and the hill above it, where the vein was. They found many like it, but never the right one. When you stop to consider that the area over which the search extended covered as much territory as will be found in New Jersey and New Hampshire combined, you have some idea of the vast distances and wild country involved.

After Esterly gave up the search and turned to stagecoaching, he gave out many maps of the region as he remembered it on the chance that someone would stumble upon the vein, but no one ever has.

Unlike most other lost mines, the Bonanza, as Esterly called it on his maps, was never overly publicized, and few persons knew about it in 1929 when I first came upon reports of it at Carson City, Nevada, and at Eureka where Esterly ran a stage line for many years.

In a small plane, piloted by a World War I buddy of mine, Gus Mayer, we flew out of Elko and scouted the territory for three days, flying low to get a better view of the terrain. Several times we sighted dry washes that had mountains above them, but from the air we could see nothing resembling a vein of ore exposed to view. To have covered the same territory on foot, affording a more intimate inspection, would have consumed the better part of a year. We did sight and I shot from the plane three wolves and several coyotes, using

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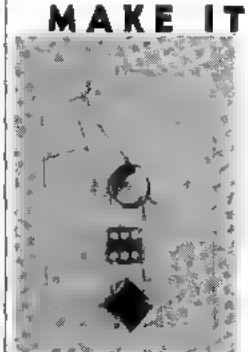

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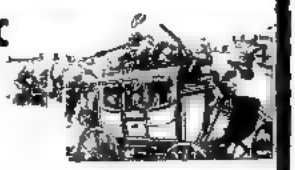

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a pump with buckshot, but that was the extent of our reward.

Some of the quartz Esterly brought in found its way into a collection of minerals owned by Senator Oddie of Nevada. Mineralogists say the composition of this rock is unlike any other found in the state, except at National which is in the general area of Esterly's find.

After driving a stagecoach for many years, Esterly moved to San Francisco where he died in 1891 at the age of seventy-six.

One of those to whom he gave maps was John C. Richards of San Francisco who made three trips into the Humboldt headwaters, the last in 1911, but without success.

"I am sure the mine exists," Richards told a *San Francisco Examiner* reporter on the occasion of his last expedition. "I am as certain of it as I am that there was a John Esterly. Some day someone will stumble upon it."

But that day has not yet arrived.

"Either of you chaps lose a tomahawk?"

I Survived the Goliad Massacre

(Continued from page 11)

"Make your mind easy, sir, your life is spared." I asked if I might inquire the name of the person to whom I was indebted for my life. "Certainly," said he, "my name is General Francisco Garay, second in command of Urrea's division." He had taken my name and description from my sister, Mary, at whose house he had been quartered while his division occupied San Patricio, and by whom, and my brother, Roderick, he had been kindly treated. She and my brother refused all remuneration from him, only asked that if I should ever fall into his hands that I should be treated kindly.

The general informed me that he himself was on the eve of departure to join General Urrea, but that he had given orders to General Portillo, commander of the garrison, to furnish me a passport whenever I should call for it. With this he took his leave. The passport was obtained without difficulty in pursuance of the order given by General Garay, and I secured passage in an ox-cart to the mission and thence to San Patricio, where I remained. We knew nothing of the battle of San Jacinto until about the twenty-eighth of April, although we had noticed Mexican troops traveling toward the Rio Grande.

A dragoon rode up one day and asked me to sell him two bits worth of dried meat. I offered to give him all the meat he might want if he would answer a few questions. He consented, and I learned for the first time that a battle had been fought on the twenty-first near San Jacinto Creek (at Buffalo Bayou), and the result had been disastrous to the invading army; that General Santa Anna had been taken prisoner, and that the Americans had seemed inclined to give no quarter, charging with the cry of "Alamo and Fannin." The remains of the Mexican forces engaged as well as General Urrea's division, which had been stationed at Brazoria, were in full retreat. The effect of such glad news upon my feelings may be imagined.

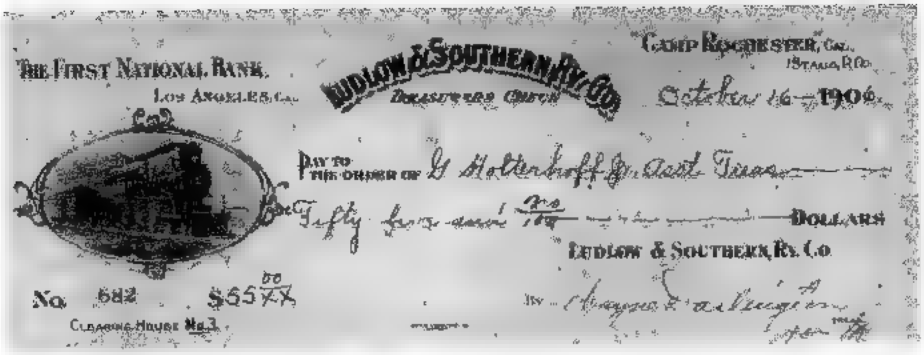
General Garay arrived a few days afterwards, and called to see us as he hastily passed through the town. At his request, I accompanied him to Matamoros.

UPON arriving there he explained that stringent orders had been given to the effect that no American, who had been at any time a prisoner in Mexican hands, should be suffered to remain in Texas. He also informed me that all prisoners were to be closely confined, but that he would allow me the freedom of the city, upon my giving parole not to attempt escape. About three weeks afterward, the general invited me to accompany him to the City of Mexico, stating that I should no longer be considered as a prisoner, in case I accepted his offer, which was accompanied with the most profuse offers of friendship and assistance.

Notwithstanding the gratitude I felt toward the preserver of my life, I was compelled to decline, on account of my anxiety to see my relatives in the United States. At my urgent solicitation, General Garay then released me from my own parole, and left me free to control my own movements. I concluded to start on foot for Brazos Santiago, but experienced great difficulty in procuring from the alcalde the necessary permit to leave the city. I was afraid to apply to him personally and all the American and Irish residents strongly remonstrated my doing so. I finally succeeded in passing myself off as the son of an old Irish man who had obtained a passport for New Orleans, and had myself included in it.

Afterward I had a separate document made out for myself. The next day I took passage on a brig at Brazos Santiago, and six days after, landed at New Orleans. I at once visited the Texas consul in that city, Mr. Bryan, but found that he could do for me nothing more than furnish me a free pass to Texas. Being out of money and in rags, I was compelled to seek employment. I engaged with a painter for two dollars and a half a day, and went to work painting St. Mary's Market, though I had never done any painting except in water colors. I worked eleven days at the expiration of which time I drew my money, purchased some clothes and accepted Mr. Bryan's offer.

He procured me passage on a schooner for the mouth of the Brazos River, where I landed in a few days. General Burnet, the first president of the Republic of Texas, then living at Velasco, gave me a letter to General Rusk, at that time commanding the army on the Guadalupe River. I walked to General Rusk's camp, a distance of 150 miles in five days. He was in daily expectation of the advance of the Mexicans but excused me, on account of my impaired health, from further service in the army. I had a severe attack of fever and ague in Victoria, where General Rusk's headquarters were. As soon as I recovered I went to Columbia (Brazoria County), then the seat of government, and obtained a passport for New Orleans.



Here is a check dated in 1906 representing a man's monthly wages. How well could your family get along on this check for a whole month these days?

The Whiskey Special

(Continued from page 27)

SO the "Whiskey Special" got a varnish car and the crew got a caboose for their daily run. Every day of its history the railroad had to make a run. Every day the tank car had to be taken out empty and brought back full of water for the town's needs. There was no water well or pump in Steadman. The tank car was numbered 102. Its run was a distance of forty miles to a little town called Newberry. The cost was $1.55 per 1,000 gallons.

While Mr. Stagg and Mr. Darlington were coining money for the Eastern owners, a character by the name of Mother Preston in Ludlow was also enjoying a period of prosperity.

Mother Preston was a unique character in the desert region. The word "Mother" is used with reservation, but she did have something of an interest in her boys because many a Steadman payroll dollar found its way into the till of her saloon.

Until the end of 1906 Mother Preston had a soft spot in her big heart for the Steadman Boys, and the Bagdad-Chase Mining Company. "Oh! that wonderful Mr. Stagg. To build a bone dry mining camp in the heart of the desert. Those Bagdad-Chase board members were truly gentlemen. Just think, they built a railroad all the way from the camp to bring the thirsty men right to my doorstep!" This spirit of benevolence and good will bubbled from the big mother until the end of 1906, and then it happened. Ludlow voted to go dry. The blue noses carried the local option election.

The big, bare-footed Mother Preston was resting her ample fore section on the bar when the news came. "Hey Ma! The Prohibs won! The precinct is dry!" Mother Preston's face lit up with irate indignation until its redness matched the noses of the most persistant and accomplished bar-flies. Her hair seemed to stand on end and crackle. Her motherly love turned into blue blazes of rage. "Why, those pious old b - - - - - s. If they want to keep that dump, Steadman, dry, O.K. But close my establishment! Why Gad-blast-em, I'll fight!"

When Mother said "fight" she meant fight, and her war cry was loud enough to jar the glass paperweight on Ben Chase's desk in faraway Rochester, New York.

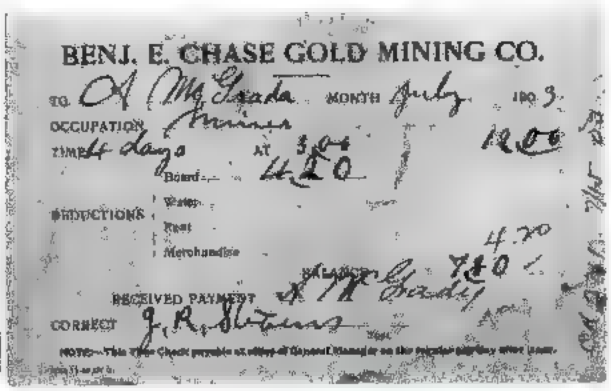
A few, not-too-quiet reminders from the local law enforcement officers caused Ma to close her saloon, and then she had time to fight. Her snappy little button eyes fastened on the Bagdad-Chase Mining Company tailings dump and she was ready. An injunction was served on the company ordering the discontinuation of the practice of running mill tailings into the crystal clear waters of the Mojave River. Her public spirit could not stand to see those beautiful waters polluted.

MOTHER PRESTON always did contend that Stagg and Company put over the dry law that closed her water-substituting establishment for thirsty working men.

Mr. Stagg and Mr. Wier must have had trouble finding those beautiful, swift-flowing, crystal clear waters because the Mojave River at Barstow is just a little less than bone dry. However, the Fighting Mother had a lot of ex-Bagdad-Chase money from her saloon days to back her suit. Rather than fight the "sweet little old lady" the company decided to impound the tailings and prevent them from splashing into the river. With victory won, Mother Preston departed for France where she joined her husband, and quietness settled over the desert once more.

For those individuals who chant the memory song for a return to the good old days a quick peek at salaries should be an eye opener. The L. & S. Railway payroll sheet for January, 1905, shows that J. F. Coughlin, conductor, worked twenty-six days at $4.02 per day. His monthly total was $104.52. Rent took $8

Below, a railroad ticket to Ludlow, from the early 1900's. Right, an individual pay record for one of the Bagdad-Chase mine workers.



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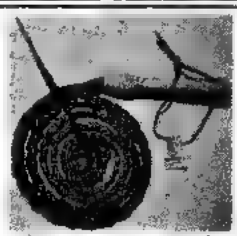

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so he cleared $96.52. Mr. Stagg as engineer, worked twenty-eight days at the rate of $4.50 a day. This totaled $126. The store got $47.16, and rent took $12. So he took home check number 276 to Mrs. Stagg that was good for $66.84. Fred Hansen is listed next as fireman. He worked thirty days at $3 per day and drew $90. Nothing was taken out for the store and nothing for rent. He must have really lived off of the country and slept under the bridge. Track hands, "gandy dancers," earned $1.75 a day for keeping the high iron on the ties.

Cooks seemed to be a problem for the company. Either they ate more than they were worth or else the men disapproved of the cuisine they were served, because the Saj Fukudg Japanese Employment Agency seemed to send one out every other month after the company paid $7.55 railroad fare.

There must have been a near-sighted timekeeper one year, because he listed a cook, one Sugihara, by the near-Irish name of Mr. Su G. A'Hara. However, he didn't overlook the two dollar poll tax deduction.

By the end of 1917 the high-paying ore began to run out and exploratory diggings could find no more. Just as the company was about to close down, the entry of the United States into World War I brought on a boom. A smelter over in Arizona needed low grade copper ore to mix with other ores and business picked up around the old gold and silver diggings.

IN 1924 the Arizona contract was cancelled and the next year the town of Steadman was visited by the scourge of the desert—Fire!

Water was always one of the most rare commodities of the town and as the flames spread it was no time at all until the engine shed collapsed in a cascade of sparks and with that the Ludlow & Southern Railway was a railway without motive power.

After the embers cooled, the company tried one of the most novel experiments in transportation. The frame of the Mason locomotive was rolled out into the clear and swept off. The motor of a big Holt tractor was lifted out of its frame and anchored to the engine frame. But in spite of $3,000 and many hours of labor the Holt engine failed to budge the gaunt frame of the old ten-wheeler. This was too much for the company. No gold ore in the mine, no motive power on the rails, no contract for the low grade copper ore. So Steadman joined the ghosts of Calico Town, Providence, Crackerjack, Marblehead and Borate in the limbo of desert camps that dot the Mojave Desert.

How Fast Are They?

(Continued from page 25)

which the shooter holds down with a finger of his gun hand. The instant his hand moves from the button to reach for his gun, the clock starts. The clock stops when the gun explodes. Here is the point. Dee Woolem (inventor of the clock), probably the fastest gun alive—one of the men who teaches the stars of our Western films how to draw—has drawn and fired in eleven one-hundredths of a second. (If there is nothing wrong with you, you may be able to blink your eyes in that span of time, or another way to put it: if you are incredibly fast, you can snap your fingers in that span of time.) But if Dee Woolem is looking at the clock, holding a cocked revolver in his hand and *somebody else starts the clock*, it takes Dee Woolem ten one-hundredths of a second to pull the trigger. Here is a man who has spent the greater part of his life training his eye-to-hand reflexes and who makes his living by his reflexes. When *he* initiates the action he can cock, draw, aim and fire a forty-five single-action in only *one* one-hundredths of a second more than he can squeeze the trigger when another person initiates the action.

Thus, one begins to understand the legerdemain of the old-time gunman. His greatest skill was to know that moment of total commitment when his opponent was going to draw and to initiate the action himself. There are few parallels one can find today. There are a few sprinters who can tell (probably from the expression in the starter's eyes) when he is going to pull the trigger on the starting gun and have reflexed before their opponents have *heard* the explosion. Also, I have seen one or two quarter horses that do not wait for the gate to open, but reflex when they hear the *release device click*. They have initiated their movement before the gate opens. It is the initiation of movement which delivers the mail in any contest the time span of which is short such as quarter horse sprints, hundred yard dashes and, fining it down to the briefest sport of all, the fast draw.

Even after you have seen a single-action artist do his stuff you will be incredulous, particularly if he lets you handle the gun and then slows down in order for you to see what must take place in a fast draw. As stated earlier, a loaded Colt forty-five weighs slightly more than three pounds—not a microscopic weight to move in a fraction of a second. Then when you consider that the motion that cocks the hammer also rolls the cylinder, lining up a cartridge beneath the firing pin, an action which must take place before the gun is lifted, leveled and fired—you gain a new respect for the human mechanism.

LET'S strap the gun on your hip and let you go through the draw. First, the broad belt around your waist is ribbed with steel where the holster extends from the belt and the holster itself is steel with a leather covering. This holds the gun rigidly in the proper position at all times. You will understand the importance of this after you have drawn so many times that your hand always makes the same arc back and up. The single-action hangs with its uniquely shaped butt slightly higher than your wrist (Dee Woolem advocates halfway between wrist and elbow). The barrel of the gun and ninety per cent of the cylinder are covered by leather. But the trigger guard and trigger are not enclosed and neither is the hammer spur. Your hand is in front of the gun. The first action is a back sweep of the hand with the thumb rigid and extended. The first joint of the thumb hits the hammer spur, cocks the hammer and at the same time the action of the thumb striking the hammer spur actually knocks the gun up and out of the holster into your waiting fingers. Your thumb slides off the hammer spur and around the grip as your three fingers close around the grip from the opposite direction. In the meantime your trigger finger has slid through the trigger guard and as your hand and arm level and aim

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the barrel, your trigger finger squeezes. Quite a bit to take place in less time than you can strike a match.

Perhaps you wonder what it is about the old single-action that makes it faster for the first shot than the double action. Part of it is the handy place where it is worn. Part of it is the same thing that makes an expert with a pump action rifle faster than an expert with a semi-automatic rifle. I have a friend who, using a pump, puts one beer bottle on top of another, shoots and breaks the *bottom* bottle and then breaks the top bottle before it can fall. The two shots come off as a single roll of sound. A semi-automatic simply won't shoot that fast. The human reflex is faster than the recoil action of the rifle. In the single-action, a man's thumb striking and cocking a hammer directly is faster than his finger pulling a trigger with a double-action mechanism in between that cocks the hammer. That isn't all of it. The thumb striking the hammer of a single-action is at least eighty per cent of the draw. It starts the gun from the holster and the unique shape of the old "Hawglaig" does the rest. Make no mistake. A man who knows how to draw a single-action revolver is wearing lightning on his hip that can strike faster than you can see.

Editor's Note:

TRUE WEST readers will remember that in the March-April issue, Nick Nicastro (The Shooting Shoemaker of Mar Vista, California) made the claim that HE was the world's fastest draw. Since author Byram makes the observation that Dee Woolem is "probably the fastest gun alive," it is pertinent to note that Nick defeated both Woolem and Rod Redwing, the top Indian gunslinger, in a match staged before television cameras. The showdown took place on Art Linkletter's "People Are Funny" show. It may have been funny to Art and his audience, but it was mighty serious business to Nick, Dee and Rod. Nick won the gun-drawing test with a time of eighteen one-hundredths of a second. Redwing, who has taught most of the cowboy stars to shoot and does much of the trick shooting from behind the scenes, was second with twenty-three one-hundredths of a second. Woolem's time was thirty-five one-hundredths of a second. Nick, whose best time is an astounding five one-hundredths of a second, said that the reason for his comparatively slow time in the drawing contest was the fact that it was a reflex test—the men drew when the hand of the electric timing clock began moving.

I Knew Jesse James' Mother

(Continued from page 35)

Jess and "Buck," as she called Frank—were victims of the Civil War. And that is, I think, true. They came from the hottest corner in that useless war between the North and South—Clay County, Missouri.

THERE came into her life a great, an almost overwhelming disappointment. Jesse turned bank robber. But that did not make her stop defending him. He wouldn't have been a bank robber, she said, if he hadn't been starving and the banks rolling in money. At this time the banks were unregulated and could charge a farmer any old amount of interest they wanted.

When he began to rob railroads, she had an excuse for that, too. The railroads were unregulated, she said, and could charge a farmer any amount they wanted to for shipping his livestock. And that was just about true.

Our people didn't try too hard to catch Jesse. When Jesse and his men robbed a bank, my father and the neighbors would get out their fowling-pieces, hop on the fat farm horses and "pursue" Jesse. They knew that the Jesse James Gang had the best horses obtainable and that the men were dead shots. So Pa and the neighbors loped gently along, hoping they wouldn't see the gang.

It wasn't long until there was a reward of $10,000 on Jesse's head, dead or alive—preferably the former. His mother was astounded.

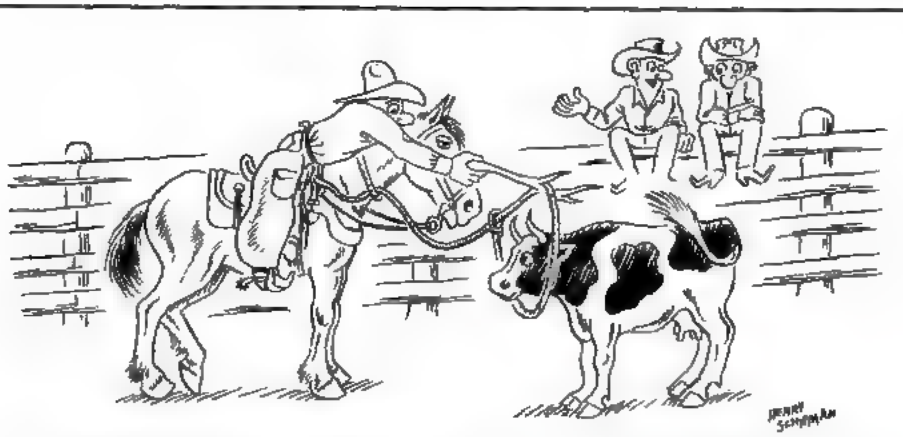
Then came the day when Jesse was killed by a snake who had been living in Jesse's home for two weeks just waiting for the chance.

The mother was sent for. When she saw the body, she wept copiously, saying, "This is my son. O Jesse, they have taken you from me." She sobbed so deeply she had to be escorted from the room.

He was buried in front of her house. Before the casket was lowered, she put her head on it and sobbed, "Oh, my darling, misunderstood son."

Twenty years and two months the body was in the front yard. She used to sit in a rocking chair on the porch and look at the grave and say, "My poor boy! They never understood him."

Once, when I was in the yard, she looked at me with her fading eyes and



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said, "I can see you are young. I hope you are as fine a boy as mine were."

She grew more and more feeble. Meanwhile, Frank bought a farm near Fletcher, Oklahoma. The old lady went down to see him and stayed a week.

TIME came for her to leave. She was put on a sleeper and started home. In the middle of the night, she called the porter. "There's something wrong," she said.

She died on the train in February, 1911. She was eighty-seven. When the train crew found out who she was, they were astonished.

Her request was that she was to be buried beside Jesse in Mount Olivet Cemetery, at Kearney, Missouri. "I want to lie down beside him," she said. She left the words she wanted cut into his tombstone. The date of Jesse's birth and death are set down, then this:

In Loving Remembrance of My Beloved Son, Jesse James
Murdered by a Traitor and Coward
Whose Name is Not Worthy to Appear here.

And there that tombstone stands today, chipped down a lot by tourists so that only the pedestal is left. And that is the story of the "tobacco bride" who loved her wayward sons so devotedly.

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Here one of the small fry entertains as some of the elder Indians chant to the rhythmic beating of the drum.

Utes At the Whiterocks Dance Grounds

(Continued from page 31)

EXCITEMENT abounds. Friends meet friends and renew acquaintances and talk of old times. Laughter ripples with the Ute words spoken. Kids play in the dirt as gaily as white kids on a canyon picnic. Young mothers beam with pride as they smile upon their tiny brown-eyed babies bound on their cradle boards. Many loiter around the one temporary pop stand and eat hamburgers and hot dogs, and some of the small fry drip ice cream down their new pale organdy frocks and little boy suits. Before the day is over, a few of those tiny ones play with one shoe on and the other lost. But no one seems to notice. There are no cross words. It is the Indian's day.

Conspicuous in the area at this time are the gambling groups that sit circled around a blanket spread on the ground. Both squaws and bucks play their fascinating card game with gusto unequalled by that of any bridge club group, and money changes hands every minute. Though we have watched the card game many times, we cannot understand it. When we asked our Ute friend Maggie to explain it to us, she said, "No savvy," as though ignorant of everything. Yet back in our car as spectators, we watched her join a group and play with the knowledge of her kind.

Apart from this public scene is the Sun Dance area with its tent-like enclosure of woven small trees and willows brought down from the mountains. A forked transplanted tree stands in the center with twelve other trees reaching out from the fork like wheel spokes and resting on other transplanted smaller trees that form a circle about sixty feet in diameter. Closely interwoven leafy branches form the wall that extends several feet high. The same enclosure is never used the second time; and as the wall is stripped by the elements when the dance is over, the center tree remains standing, strangely out of place in that barren area.

Inside the willow enclosure the ancient ritual takes place. As the tom-toms add their rhythmical flow of notes and the squaws chant monotonously and swish willow branches to intensify the cadence set by the bucks, the dancers, clad briefly and striped with paint on their bodies, move back and forth from the center pole and gradually transport themselves into antiquity. When night closes in, a burning log with its fragrant odor is dragged into the enclosure and gives welcome warmth and the only light. As it flickers and plays weirdly upon all, one gets the feeling of strangeness and becomes lost in the rites of tradition.

Bad Ground

(Continued from page 23)

of frustration when his temporary post failed to reach the cap by six inches. The next moment I screamed in horror as I saw the cap slipping down the post and the ceiling crumbling above him. He threw up his hands to protect his face as he stumbled backwards. There was a split second for me to shoot out an arm and yank him into the safety of the next set, or what I thought was safety. We crashed smack into the ore car and it seemed to be stuck to the rails, for it was half full of muck.

Frantically, we fought the car as we heard the terrifying crack of breaking timbers and the ominous thud and swish of falling rocks and dirt. The sickening thought flashed through my mind that the car had a habit of jumping the track, and if that happened, we were doomed.

FRANK had lost his miner's lamp but mine was hanging on the car. In the dust-filled shadows we saw immediately behind us timbers starting to buckle. That meant that the second set from where the caving started was gone. We were now fighting the car through the third set when a lagging popped out of the wall and cut the air over our heads. Our tunnel was collapsing like a house

of cards, and the third set was closing in on us.

It seemed that all about us we could hear the deadly crack of timbers being crushed into splinters. We knew that what time we had left was a matter of a few precious seconds. We gave the car another gasping shove into the set ahead; it jumped the track and jammed into the side of the tunnel. We slammed into each other in our frantic scramble to go over the car, for that was the only way open for our escape, but there was not enough clearance for both to go over the car and we fell back to the tunnel floor.

The author is shown here panning for gold.

Helpless and speechless we stared at each other, then, the next moment we jumped to our feet as we realized that we were, for the moment, under a set of timbers that were holding firm. One by one, we went over the car and ran down the tunnel. Behind us we heard again the crack of timbers and the rumble of caving earth.

It took us two weeks to dig out the car and drive ahead to the point where the trouble started. Why that set held for those few seconds? Frank said that Feller up yonder just wasn't quite ready for us.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 57)

THE APACHE'S JOLTING JOKE

By EMMETT GANN

BY the time he made his last break from the reservation, Apache Victorio had dealt often enough with the white man's perfidy to have learned considerable English. He set out with the expressed purpose of robbing and killing the white man and got the job done. But the old man, in his fifties this August 21, 1879, still had his sense of humor.

He had already made two death-dealing raids as he and eleven warriors struck the wagon road south from Hillsboro, New Mexico, to Lake Valley. Midway between the two was the crossing of Tierra Blanca Creek. Two of the mightiest drunkards of the mining district, Ed Jacobs and Bill Downey, were sleeping off a big one right beside the road.

The white men were awakened by the sound of shattered whisky bottles and Apache laughter. The shock at the loss of their whisky was quickly forgotten in the shock of their predicament. Two Indians pointed the white men's rifles at them and pleaded for Victorio's permission to kill. By this time Downey and Jacobs had reached a state of sobriety completely unfamiliar to them. They were in a condition to understand the old warrior's every word.

Slipping from his horse, he faced them with language more foreboding than any ever uttered by a Temperance Leaguer. In his halting English he pronounced judgment. "We no kill drunkards. Many times I have heard the white man say whisky is his greatest curse. We leave these to plague their own kind." The old chief paused a long time before a hard smile glittered in his dark eyes. "Many times I have heard white men who want whisky say, 'I need jolt.' We give this pair plenty jolt."

FORTHWITH the white men were lined out towards Hillsboro and the warriors proceeded to kick them down the road. Fear lent Downey and Jacobs speed but their whisky-soaked bodies were no match for the Apaches. Often they were knocked sprawling. Just as often an ungentle Apache toe urged them to their feet. The Indians enjoyed their game for more than a mile before the two gave out. They were too exhausted even to yell their hurt as the Apaches gave them a last methodical and most thorough kicking.

Tiring of their sport the Apaches turned south, then west to strike with deadly efficiency at the mining camp of Georgetown. The drunkards lay for hours before dragging themselves the remaining six miles to Hillsboro. Downey had a broken jaw; both men had broken noses. All four eyes were puffed shut. Both men had broken ribs and lacerations and bruises covered almost every part of their bodies. Jacobs had been kicked in the belly so many times that it was five days before he could keep anything down, then he lived for a week on goat's milk.

But the humorous Apache erred in his judgment. Jacobs soon passed from the history of New Mexico, but had become known as a man who shied from John Barleycorn. Bill Downey never touched a drop the rest of his life, even at the age of ninety-three when his doctor prescribed an occasional shot to warm old bones.

ORIGINAL MAP OF THE LOST DUTCHMAN

By A. D. CLEMENS

NO, folks, I don't have it—don't get excited! But there sure is a map, the original one, and I know one man who once had the map in his possession. This man—Old Hank—used the map in 1912. He went back into the Superstitions and found the Dutchman. Came about this way:

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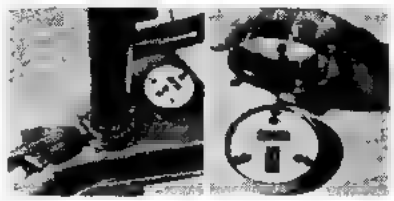

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gold back to their homeland. On one such trip, about sixty of the Peraltas' people were returning with gold when they were attacked by Apache raiders. A horrible massacre took place behind the mountain named La Sombrero, near where the King Ranch stands today. Every person in the Peralta party was killed or left to die of wounds.

Later, a young white man known simply as Hank came upon the bloody scene and found a Mexican woman still alive. Mortally wounded and scalped, she was still able to talk. Knowing death was near, she wanted to pass on the secret of the mine from which they had taken their gold. (Legend has it that this was the same mine later called the Lost Dutchman.) The woman wore a buckskin jacket, from which Hank tore a piece to be used as a map. Laboriously the dying woman drew lines and made marks on the piece of buckskin and gave Hank what directions she could. Thus relieved of her secret, she soon passed on and the *original* map of the Lost Dutchman came into existence.

Hank had been raised by the Apaches and knew every inch of the Superstitions, but—oddly enough—he appears to have made no serious move to find the mine until many years later. In 1912—he was known as Old Hank by then—he started for East Boulder Canyon with a good horse and plenty of water. The map was accurate; he easily found the gold. Eagerly he filled his saddlebags and started for home.

On his return trip, Hank was ambushed by a hidden marksman with a high-powered rifle. Badly wounded though he was, he finally made it to the shack of a Mexican in Nogales. Being poor but honest, as the story book says, this Mexican nursed Hank back to health but stole none of his gold. For this he was amply rewarded when Hank fully recovered and gave him half of the golden treasure.

Old Hank stayed in Nogales for a spell, but finally went to California where he worked as a carpenter. One night upon returning home he found that his apartment had been ransacked. Only one thing had been stolen—the buckskin map.

Nineteen years passed before the map came into evidence again, when Adolph Ruth showed it to three former Texas Rangers as they worked on the old blacktop road near Queen Creek. I didn't *mean* to imply that Ruth came into possession of the map through foul play. Perhaps he had bought it with a free drink from some bum who didn't know its true value. In any case, Ruth *did* have the original map—with this significant difference: crafty old Hank, after his trip to the Dutchman in 1912, had altered it so it would be useless to anyone else.

WITHIN a year after talking to the three ex-Rangers, the map cost Ruth his life. The former Rangers had nothing to do with the killing. I have since tracked down that theory and found that these men spent much time and considerable money trying to find the murderer of Ruth. One of these men is now living in southern Arizona. I cannot divulge his name, but I am deeply indebted to him for his information on the map which shed a bit of light on the mystery of who might possibly have the map now. He told of how Ruth had talked to a group of cowboys from a ranch in the Superstitions before he headed out on his ill-fated trip for Blacktop Mountain, to the east of East Boulder Canyon.

Later on, these cowboys were having a little shooting match to decide who was the best shot. For a target they selected a post with a bulls-eye sized knot. Some of the cowboys hit the post, some didn't; but there was one man who hit the knot with six consecutive shots. And Adolph Ruth was killed by a crack marksman. In fact, a number of men have been found dead in the Superstitions with a bullet hole through the temple. There is other evidence to point the finger of suspicion at the marksman cowboy, but that cannot be told here.

When Ruth's body was found, none of his possessions had been taken except the map. Someone has that map today and probably is vainly trying to follow its false directions. Perhaps that is why the vicinity of East Boulder Canyon and Blacktop Mountain is such a dangerous spot for prospectors. If you care to experience the thrill of being shot at, that's your area!

To sum up: There have been four known possessors of that buckskin map.

First: The dying Mexican woman who drew the map and gave it to Hank.

Second: Old Hank himself, who successfully used the map in 1912 and from whom it was later stolen.

Third: Adolph Ruth, who used the altered map unsuccessfully until it cost him his life.

Fourth: The last possessor of the map is the one who has it now. He is probably the killer of Adolph Ruth. I wonder if the murderer realizes that the map was changed by Old Hank and is now worthless as a guide to the gold?

Old Hank is still living out near Apache Junction. He doesn't need the map because he knows exactly where the Lost Dutchman *really* is. He lives in poverty in a ramshackle cabin because he's too darned scared to go back after any more of that gold. Perhaps he's foolish to live the way he does, knowing all the time where he can lay hands on incalculable treasure. Perhaps he's very wise. Only a very real and powerful fear detains him—the certain knowledge that the map and gold have brought death to many men.

". . . maybe next year."

Man, What A Mess!

(Continued from page 3)

East! Subscribers write in saying that they find *True West* and *Frontier Times* covered up on newsstands, so pull them out. THANKS, PALS! We sure can't sell a magazine that nobody can see!

Oh, yes—how about watching to see how many copies of TW and FT appear at your favorite newsstand, then in about two weeks check again and drop us a card on how many have sold during any given period of time. That sure would help!

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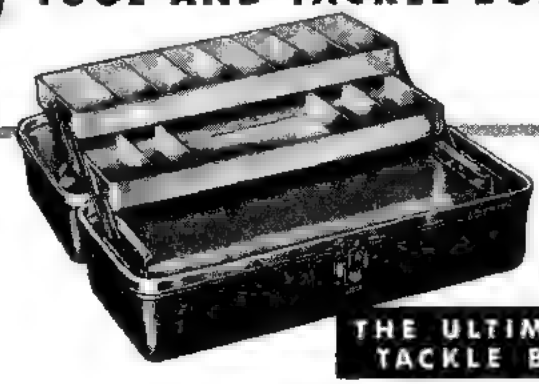

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PAPER! PAPER!

I don't know if you have noticed it, but the paper in this magazine isn't the best. Getting the best would cost us about $5,000 more per issue. If we spent that much more per issue, we couldn't buy paper very long and it sure is hard to turn out a magazine on tree leaves. So, again, we're doing the best we can.

ADVERTISING

I'm trying to cover the whole shebang at one lick. Nobody knows why but advertisers stay out by the droves of even a magazine whose circulation is climbing fast. We are doing a great job for those who will come in but it is like pulling a tooth to get a new one to try us. What a job we could do for the big boot companies, hat companies, and manufacturers of anything western! However, I think the boys can't see us for the fog they raise stampeding to get into the big eastern magazines and the established books. Well, you can't blame them, I guess. But we sure have a terrific following and they're sure overlooking a bet. We'll never overcrowd these magazines with advertising, but we are slightly "under" crowded now for comfort. So, when writing any company you think would profit by advertising with us, why don't you sort of show them the light? We sure do have to depend on you boys. Oh well, when we get strong, you can lean on us awhile.

THE TV SHOW

We have all decided the same thing—so far as *True West* is concerned, Hollywood is afraid of the truth! We've had propositions that wouldn't work insofar as our sticking to facts are concerned, and so we turned them down. Maybe we're stupider than we ever realized, but we're holding out until some company sees the need for the sort of thing we have in mind and then we believe you are going to see a TV western the likes of which you never saw before! It will come—but it may take a long time.

THANKS, FOLKS!

Your acceptance of the new look in *True West* and *Frontier Times* has been appreciated to an extent you'll never know! It has been far beyond anything we'd ever looked for. If newsstand sales reflect this terrific praise—man, we got it made! But they hardly ever do—they're trickier than a hungry coyote in a chicken house. If we haven't answered your good letter yet it doesn't mean we don't THANK YOU, folks! We realize we wouldn't be around here without that kind of help and boosting. I've never seen the like! It has been a sort of national movement—pushing that old prairie schooner up the last rocky slope. Keep it up a couple more issues, (especially on newsstand sales!) and we've got it made!

I'm too long-winded. Adios!—Joe "Hosstail."

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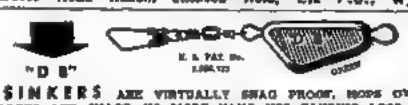

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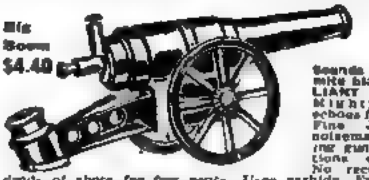

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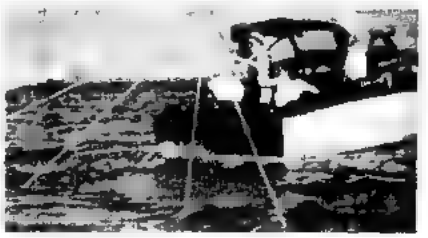

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

Dakota Cowboy (Putnam, $5) by Ike Blasingame is a great new true life cowboy adventure story about his experiences on the Matador Cattle Company's ranges on the Cheyenne Indian Reservation in South Dakota. A restless young cowpoke in 1904, Ike shipped north from Texas with 3,000 Matador cattle to the new home on Dakota grass. This is one of the choice Western biographies of recent years. The writing is tops and the stirring accounts of cattle drives, roundups, and frontier sociables on a Sioux Indian reservation are fresh and welcome.

Ike was a real bronc peeler and some of the book's choice details are about some of the horses in the rough string that he sacked out. One outlaw was Widow Maker, half wildcat, half dynamite, a horse that bucked like a turpentined devil. He was killed and deserved it. Another man-stomping bronc was Pig Pen Black, from a Colorado wild bunch that pitched like a scalded hound He threw his rider, Dick Holder, onto the sod and ran scared into the boiling Missouri where he tangled in driftwood and drowned taking Holder's new Frazler saddle to the bottom with him

Murdo McKenzie, the Matador's famed manager; Cap Mossman, the fearless Arizona Ranger captain, ramrod for the Turkey Tracks; and many others who made cattle country history are part of Ike's engrossing adventure.

Every now and then a new book is published that should be placed in every Western book collector's library. Such a book is *The Cowboy at Work* (Hastings, $8 50) by Fay E. Ward

This descriptive handbook on cowboying tells about the puncher's job and how he does it. Six hundred detailed drawings by the author cover a maze of interesting subjects such as cattle roundups, saddles, pack outfits, ropes, camping gear, bridles, cowboy togs, jewelry and many other features.

You'll like this book whether you are old or young, a dude, a boy scout, rodeo hand, rancher, cowbelle or dude wrangler.

A recognized authority on cowpunching, Fay Ward, former rodeo rider and cowboy, has worked the ranges from Calgary to the Mexican border. The cowhand has a distinctive trade and Ward exploits his subject in the briny lingo that characterizes men of the range. There is also a short glossary of cowboy terms.

Western artist, Nick Eggenhofer, designed the colorful jacket illustration.

If Cows Could Talk (Naylor, $3.50) by May Weatherlin should become a triumph in family reading. This is the fictional autobiography of Postcard, the friendly white Shorthorn heifer, telling of her life on a New Mexico ranch.

This is a charming refreshing tale of cattle ranching by a rancher's wife which should do much to enhance the author's standing as both a writer and an interpreter of range life.

THE GREAT DANE

Homer Croy's *Trigger Marshal* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $4 50) is a highly entertaining account of Chris Madsen's long career as a peace officer in the Southwest. Chris was a Dane and before he came to the United States in 1876 he had fought the Germans twice —once as a boy of fourteen in the Danish army and then as a member of the French Foreign Legion in the Franco-Prussian War. He was wounded in the battle of Sedan but this did not dampen his enthusiasm for military life. He came to this country to fight Indians and upon joining the Army was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry where he got a belly full of such fighting although he was not sure he had killed even one redskin. When the wars were over, Chris won a bride as a result of being forced to serve as dancing teacher to the troops and the neighboring civilians. Army pay was low and Chris jumped at a chance to become a deputy U. S. marshal in 1891. Chris, with Heck Thomas and Bill Tilghman, formed a formidable trio of peace officers who were primarily responsible for cleaning up Oklahoma Territory. Chris tangled with the Daltons, the Doolin gang, Al Jennings, and Ben Cravens and, along with Heck and Bill, many, many other wrongdoers.

Chris served his adopted country as a peace officer for twenty-five years—he was a dead shot with many types of guns and fearless though not foolhardy. He left notes for an autobiography and many other papers which helped keep Homer Croy on the right track. Croy wrote in this reviewer's copy of the book "Croy writes good"—and he sure does for this is an exciting history of the old wild days when law enforcement in Oklahoma was primarily a federal responsibility.

HEROES AND ROGUES

Author Glenn Shirley has brought together a dozen exciting stories about some of our less-exploited Western rogues and heroes whose deeds are equal to those who have achieved current movie and TV fame. This book is entitled *Buckskin and Spurs* (Hastings, $4 50).

The tales about rogues include the clever horse stealing antics of George Pike; carousing, killing, and roughhouse escapades of the courageous miner, Wall Henderson; banditry of the gentlemanly soldier-of-fortune, Joe Stokes; bestial forays of the Osage Terror; bank robbing and bushwacking of Ben Cravens; and the bank robbing career of affable Henry Starr, last of his kind.

Tales of heroes include those of Cap Mossman, Arizona ranchman, organizer of the Arizona Rangers and his daring experiences in ridding Arizona of its border raiders like the famous half-breed, Chacon and other notorious badmen; Bear River Tom Smith, the sheriff that helped tame Abilene; Bill Pickett who invented bulldogging; Payne and Couch, the dedicated Oklahoma Boomers; Amos Chapman, scout, plainsman, buffalo hunter and hero of the fight at

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Buffalo Wallow; and Deaf Smith, Sam Houston's fearless aid who prevented civil war in Austin. Good reading.

BORDER BALLAD

"With His Pistol in His Hand" (University of Texas Press, $5) by Americo Paredes is the saga of a border ballad and its hero, Gregorio Cortez. Cortez, an unknown wandering ranchhand, killed a Texas sheriff in 1901 and immediately became a legend to the Border Mexicans. This reviewer first heard the ballad sung thirty years ago at the campfire on a deer hunt in Starr County. Both the singer's English and his knowledge of the origin of the ballad were inadequate but a Mexican-Irish Valley schoolboy provided a sketchy summary of the events that led to the making of the ballad. Dr. Paredes of the English faculty of the University has done yeoman service in tracing and recording the legend and the ballad. And he has done a particularly good job of separating fact from fancy in setting down the actual happening in the life of Gregorio. This is a highly entertaining book that is a must for all those interested in border ballads and folklore.

BIG BEND NAMES

How Come It's Called That? (University of New Mexico Press, $4.25) is the result of much research into the place names of the Texas Big Bend country by Virginia Madison and Hallie Stillwell. They found out that just about every type of Southwesterner—Indian, Mexican, railroader, rancher, surveyor, soldier, miner, ranger, outlaw, etc. had a hand in naming the landmarks. Mrs. Madison as the range-raised author of *The Big Bend Country of Texas* (Albuquerque, 1954) and Mrs. Stillwell as the owner and operator of a Hereford cattle ranch, as well as ranch news editor of the *Alpine Avalanche*, are particularly well qualified Big Bend writing hands and they have done a fine job. But, girls, did you have to destroy about the last of this old reviewer's illusions? For one, he had just as soon not learned that *Langtry* was named for a railroad construction foreman instead of the famous Jersey Lily or that the station was not even named by Judge Roy Bean, the Law, "by Gobs," West of the Pecos.

"Never misses, they say."

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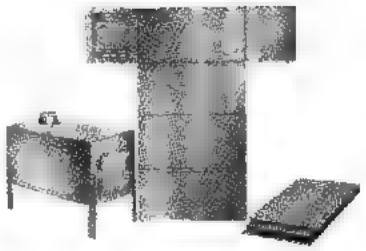

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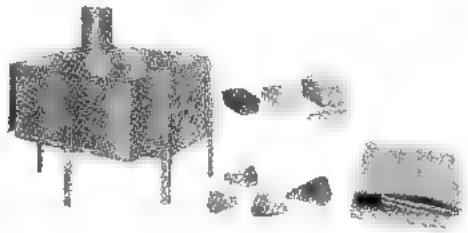

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reports W H. Boosinger, Sugar Creek, Mo.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Hundreds of people around here know that Mix did use doubles. I have already been criticized by several friends for allegedly making the statement that he did not use them. Please make proper retraction in "Truly Western".—D. L. (Spike) Spackman, 9150 Emperor Avenue, San Gabriel, California.

Spike, we're right sorry we goofed on your letter and retraction is made above. Dunno how it happened. Some letters must, of necessity, be edited or condensed, and it was evidently during this process that the error occurred.

True West Magazine:

I am an Indian and like your magazine very much. However, I don't think that you should print stories like "Gauntlet Gloves" (February, 1959, *True West*). By printing this story about a white man robbing an Indian grave, you let everyone know just how sorry the white man is. What would the white man do if we Indians robbed the graves of *his* people? That white man that was dragged to death by his horse in the story got just what he deserved.

Why don't you print the *truth* about the dirty deal the Indian got from the white man? I think you are ashamed to let it be known.

I don't suppose you will print this.—Mrs. L. D. Hart, 2107 West Third St., Odessa, Texas.

Mrs. Hart, we think that you have missed our often-stated intention—to tell the truth about the old West no matter how unpleasant it proved to be. The story of "Gauntlet Gloves" actually happened, so it came within our premise. In reply to your challenge: "Why don't you print the TRUTH about the dirty deal the Indian got from the white man?"—we have attempted to do just that in our Tribal Series, recently concluded in TW. We received many approving letters from Indians on the fairness of these articles. We're happy to say that we also received approving letters from our white readers. It is also true that we received bitterly vituperative letters from one or two of our white readers, who accused us of deliberately distorting history to favor the Indian. Again may we repeat: We told the TRUTH about the Indians in this series, insofar as research could provide the truth. For the many people who missed the series in TW, we plan soon to have it published in book form. When that is done, we invite you and all other Indians to read it and let us know if we have accomplished our goal. We might just surprise you—as we have probably already surprised you by printing your letter.

Tex Cooper, Buffalo Bill— and Tom Mix Again!

Dear Joe:

Requiescat in pace. That's my wish for such controversial characters as Tom Mix -but Tom bobs up again and again in "Truly Western." I will just have to add a word or two for our favorite column. Yes, Tom Mix rode to fame and made a fortune, but his women messed him up and he died flat broke. And don't tell us old-timers who got out here in the stagecoach days that Tom was a hero of four wars, a peace officer grabbing outlaws as they stepped off trains, or that he or Bill Hart ever turned a cow. They *may* have turned a cow into the old barn back East, but we doubt that, too.

Harry Shahan, in "Truly Western" some time back, told the unsavory truth about Tom Mix—"a sorry excuse for a man."

Here in California we old-timers have a cowboy organization formed in 1931 by Harry Gant, still alive and going strong. Sixty-six members to start, with only three charter members now alive; Harry, Bill Spaugh and Nonnie Bernard. The organization became large, but the old boys who smelled smoke are most all gone now. Al Jennings is still around and Billy Dodson, but the life has gone out of the cavayah. We get together twice a year for a meeting, a barbecue, square dancing and entertainment.

"That's where Rattler Jake is holed up, Deputy! I'll rush the front door—you squeeze in from the back!"

Tex Cooper, an old showman, has gone on to that last roundup in the sky, and his little wife followed him in a short time. Tex and George Hunt were advance agents for Buffalo Bill's show back in the nineties.

Tex and I used to get a cup of coffee and go and squat on the chuckwagon tongue and shoot the breeze. One of the many things we discussed was how public heroes were made by publicity men. Ned Buntline made Bill Cody. Tex said dryly, "Cody was supposed to have killed thousands of buffalo and a lot of Indians. It wasn't much of a trick to kill a buffalo. My wife's father was one of the buffalo men. Later on, he settled down to his trade of harness making and raised a family in New Hampshire.

"As for the Indians Cody is supposed to have killed, I doubt he *ever* killed one. The only thing wrong with the Yellow Hand story" **(Editor's note: The alleged "duel" in which Cody was supposed to have killed the Cheyenne, Yellow Hand)** "is that Yellow Hand didn't happen to be around that day!"

I have been told that Tex made plenty money in his day but spent most of it helping those in need. He had $700 on hand when he died. He was an honest, truthful man and—in my opinion—one of God's Own Boys.

For a long while Tex wrote to and received letters from Tom Mix's mother, and he made a trip to Dubois, Pennsylvania, to see her. Tom's father was a Greek and a coachman for many years. The old couple, while Tom was in the big money, became destitute and Tom allowed them to die in the poorhouse. Harry Shahan's letter is true word for word and he was right when he said Tom was no hero to the folks back East nor to a lot of us out West. Certainly he was no hero to me or Tex.

I don't know if Tex Cooper sent money to the old couple or not, but it would have been just like him. I write all this just to clear the record on Tom Mix. Now let's have other and more worthy characters in "Truly Western" for a welcome change.—John Hoffman, Saugus, California.

Thanks for a good job of "hero-busting," John. You'll probably get chewed out plenty for it by some of the rabid Cody and Mix *fans*. You can't tear down a legend, even if phony, without catching hell for it. Man, we know!

Alaska Heard From!

Dear Norm:

Well now that you Texans no longer have the opportunity to brag on the Lone Star State as the biggest in the Union, you'll be interested to know that the favorite dessert in Alaskan restaurants is no longer "Baked Alaska," but "Baked Texas." Also, you might realize that up here in Alaska and British Columbia exists the last real frontier on the North American continent. A man with guts and determination can still work up a stake in this rugged country without a bank roll. Let me tell you of an experience of mine a few years back.

I was working for a gypo tie contractor at Houston, on the Canadian National Railroad, and when spring came he owed me $150. When I asked for my wages, he said, "Boy, I just filed bankruptcy but I'll give you what I can."

So, in lieu of wages, I fell heir to a team of scrub horses. I took my leave and started out for Bucks Flats about halfway up the Buck River. At Bull James' mine, I got a month's work on some of his mining claims. Bull promised me thirty dollars a month and board. I got the board all right, but at the end of the month there was no cash forthcoming. This time I settled for an old .30-30 Winchester carbine.

I moved on to the head of Francois Lake and fell in with Henry Voltman, an old German who ran a few cattle and asked him for a job. He offered me a meager trapper's outfit in exchange for my labor. Seems a half-breed had bought a beef from him the winter before, then skipped out. The Mounties had turned over the breed's outfit to Voltman to pay for the beef.

There were about seventy-five traps, a twenty-two rifle with two boxes of cartridges, two pairs of snowshoes, a toboggan and several pairs of moccasins. I agreed to work out the value of the stuff. I wasn't going anywhere anyhow, so what did I have to lose?

After that hitch with Voltman, I took up a deserted homestead nearby. The place had a cabin, a makeshift barn, an old wagon, a fence and a patch of onions and rhubarb that had gone wild.

That fall I went to the Indian camp at the head of the lake and bought an old horse for five dollars that was going to be shot for coyote bait. I shot the poor old beast to use for bait on my projected trap-line.

(Continued on page 60)

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THIS IS TRUE WEST!

DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

It should be right there on all newsstands by the warm side of TRUE WEST now, by golly. If it isn't, let us know and we'll pass along the information to our distributor. It's cram-jammed—one more word would have busted its seams! Four-color cover, sixteen more pages (at no additional cost!)—and look at this partial list of contents:

ARIZONA HELL HOLE!—The shocking disclosure of the most dreaded prison in America in the days of the Early West. Read about the Snake Pit, the TB Ward, and the guard who bragged he always started each working day by beating up a prisoner—any prisoner!

PIONEER REMEDIES—KILL OR CURE!—A pioneer doctor employed a variety of sources for his curing of people on America's frontier. This doctor combined Indian medical practices with those recognized by white medical authorities, and others not so recognized.

THE LAST HUNT—The saddening tale of the death knell of the Indian's way of life. Read of the last great hunt the red man makes on the buffalo herd of the Great Plains which rang down the curtain on life in America the way it was before the white man came.

I KNEW BUFFALO BILL—Buffalo Bill, or William Cody, the way he really was, as a friend of his saw and knew him.

THE LITTLE KILLER OF BIG BEND—"Take 10 men and line 'em up against a wall and ask the average man to pick out a killer, and chances are there'd have been 9 guesses before anyone would have picked this kid." The strange tale of a scrawny kid who put two men in their graves.

FIRST "NAVIGATOR" OF THE PRAIRIES—The strange story of the maiden voyage of the first (and last!) clipper of America's Great West. You'll enjoy the launching and short sail of this imaginative venture.

"HE'D RATHER DIE THAN BE TAMED!"—A cowboy relates his sorrow at watching a horse that would rather be free than anything else in the world die before his eyes after he had captured it from the hills it had so loved.

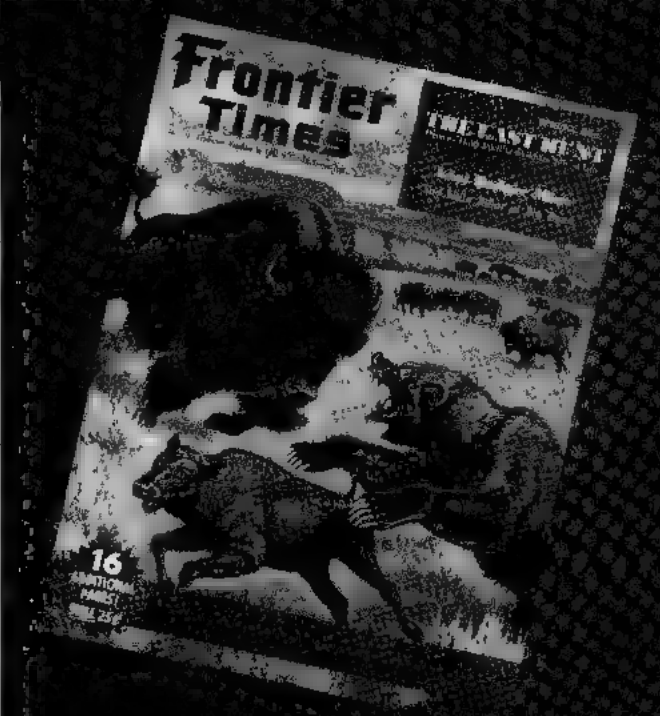
THE BLACK HAWK WAR—The story of one of the very last Indian uprisings in revolt at the growing authority of the "white eyes" in Washington, D. C.

GUIDE MAP OF THE GREAT TEXAS CATTLE TRAIL—Information no Western history fan would want to be without. Accompanied by a map of the area discussed so interestingly in the article.

SHE CUT OFF HIS HEAD!—One afternoon in the early days of Texas, Injuns came a-callin' while the men were away.

But what happened when the redskins attacked the "defenseless women" of the household caused them to give the house a mighty wide berth thereafter!

ALSO, two J. Frank Dobie stories—OLD BILL COLE AND THE LOOT and CURIOUS COYOTES, THE LOST BADGER MINE, NUGGETS (including the BEAVER CREEK MASSACRE AND THE OLD BATHING TUB); not to mention a whole passel of rare Old West photos, illustrations and departmentals!



Remember how we have tried to convince you, for over a year now, that FRONTIER TIMES is merely TRUE WEST under another title? We told you why—so that each magazine would have a longer time to remain on the newsstands and thus effect that extra percentage of sales that has made it possible for us to continue and grow even during times when magazines galore were reeling groggily and dropping out like a bony nag with a load of loco weed!

Well, this should prove it! The content of this issue of FRONTIER TIMES **was first pulled for TRUE WEST!** We had to make a quick cover change on this issue of FRONTIER TIMES, so we decided to hold the contents also for a cover more appropriate to the general theme, and we merely grabbed an issue of TRUE WEST already pulled—soooooo!

See, we are going to publish FRONTIER TIMES bi-monthly in the comparatively near future and thus effect "monthly" publication—one month TRUE WEST, the next month FRONTIER TIMES.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas

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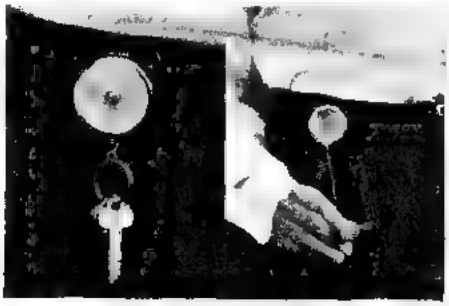

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Not long after that I shot a moose and so had plenty of meat. By Christmas I had $150 worth of fur to sell to a traveling fur buyer. This was the first real cash I had seen in over a year.

From my homestead I worked the hayfields, gypo tie camps, prospect claims—all for short intervals. I didn't lack for social contacts either. There was a pretty half-breed girl over at the Indian camp that I called upon regularly. All in all, I made out pretty well after starting from scratch. I was even prosperous enough to help out other wilderness wanderers. Joe McCarthy, an ex-boxer who had seen better days in the States, worked for me all summer. When Joe left in the fall I gave him an old buckskin saddle horse and an Indian-made saddle.

McCarthy then worked for various ranchers and built himself up like I did. When he left the country I got his whole outfit for twenty dollars. By swapping around I acquired seven head of shorthorn cattle, two sheep and some chickens.

Yes, central or west central British Columbia is a country where few stick it out. The population is constantly shifting, because those who dislike hard work soon pull up stakes and leave. The frontier was always too rough for some and the weaklings didn't last long. The same is true today of the rugged North country.—George Gale, (The Bushrat), Box 2041, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Thanks for an interesting letter, George. But we Texans aren't quite ready to concede to Alaska yet. Melt down all that ice and how much actual real estate have you got left? And as for having something to brag on—have you seen our Texas women? MAN . . . !

You Can Say That Again, Sarge!

Howdy, Folks!

Seldom does it happen in this day and age of pin-up magazines and so-called true story mags—or should I say rags?—that a man can find some worthwhile reading in a magazine that he can let lay around a houseful of kids, especially those at the inquisitive age. Kids that should be looking at cowboys and Indians instead of nudes and lewds. It's really gratifying to see a magazine that can sell on its stories and authentic pictures of our Western history, rather than one that sells on big bosoms and battleship-hipped babes. Why, it's got to the point where I have to shuffle through six dozen girlie magazines in order to find *True West!* Not that I'm against looking at girlies, but it *does* delay my worthwhile reading.

I luckily ran into *True West* while stationed over in Morocco, and at once realized that I had seen it before while stationed in Oregon. In April, 1956, I ordered all the back issues then available and also took a subscription. Really got riled when I realized that I had had issue number three while in Oregon and gave it to my big bad brother before going overseas. Well, my subscription ran out about the time I rotated to the land of the non-folding nickel and by moving and settling down I missed a few issues.

Here in Idaho, folks especially appreciate a good Western magazine and *True West* is on practically all the stands. Can't get issue three back from my brother, as we ain't heared from him in over a year. Last we knew, he was sledging gold from the Snake River somewhere in the Hell's Canyon and—due to a big dam going in there to clutter up Mother Nature—he couldn't file a permanent claim. Said he was worried about claim jumpers, and—being as how he never was too fast with the old Colt—has probably gotten his just rewards by now. On the chance that old brother George might be reading *True West,* I'd appreciate your printing this letter. Just might locate the old buzzard if he ain't dead.—Cal Praeger, Sergeant, USAF, 1250 North 10th East Street, Mountain Home, Idaho.

Sure hope this flushes up the old buzzard, Cal. Let us know the results—even if the dry-gulchers got him and stole that precious number three from his war-bag.

A "Seeker of the Gleam" Reports Success

Dear Joe:

Since I saw you last summer, I've wooed a few favors from Lady Luck and thought you might be interested in hearing about them.

I haven't gotten rich—yet—but I'll be durned if I don't give the Rockefellers a run for their money before I'm too old to tramp through "them thar hills."

I quit my job last August, went into a partnership with a friend, packed my gear and headed for the hills to do a little gold placer mining. We leased some likely placer ground—and what results! Boy, oh boy, "Gold Rush of '58!"

We got together some money, promoted some equipment, and went to work. Here's the way it goes in a placer operation:

You shut off the trammel, cut off the water pump and—while you're waiting for the water to drain from your sluice box, your heart beats in double time. Then the big moment arrives. You look into the sluice box—and lo and behold, there is a stringer of gold clear across the sluice box! Nuggets from the size of pinheads to peas—with a few the size of your thumbnail.

Joe, that's the greatest kick of all time! Your heart swaps places with your Adam's apple, you have butterflies in your stomach, an utterly unexplainable feeling of excitement and adventure, a crazy feeling like you'd just dropped off the high hump in a roller coaster. It's a feeling you can't cure by taking seltzer water, because it's the first true symptoms of Gold Fever.

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There is still plenty of adventure, excitement and gold in the West. I want my share and intend to find it. The old adage "go West, young man, and seek your fortune," is still true today. So, fellow adventurers, if you have that gleam in your eye, a taste for adventure and a few bucks in your jeans, grab a pick, shovel and gold pan and be a modern Fifty-Niner. Don't believe these dull desk jockeys who write that the old days are gone forever.

That's all for now, Joe. I'm on another deal right now. Believe it or not, I found gold in my own backyard. I've leased the tailings from four crusher operations on the Colorado River here in Grand Junction. The sands they have been throwing away run from one-third ounce to sixteen ounces per ton.

Keep your fingers crossed, Joe—and look out, Rockefeller!—Virgil G. Hutton, 1248 Bunting, Grand Junction, Colorado.

Best of luck, Virg, from all the gang here at TW. But doggone it, you sure make the publishing business a mighty dull proposition after reading letters like yours. And as for keeping our fingers crossed—how the heck can we cross 'em when they're jest plumb itchin' to get at that gold?—Joe

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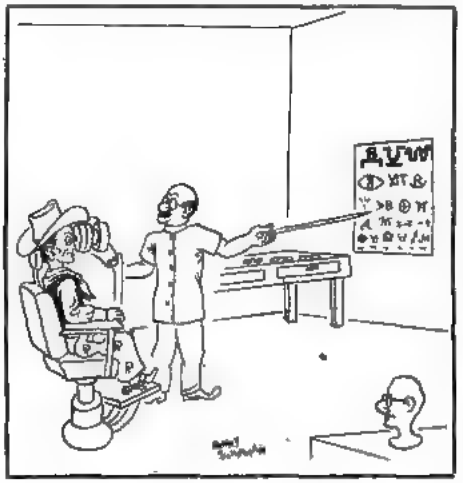
Mr. Joe Austell Small:

Sir, I do not take your insult lightly in calling me a skunk (I assume you mean hydrophoby skunk, the worst kind). Having met me in our old hoss-stealing days and knowing full well that I am now in my ninetieth year, you know no compassion whatever for my advanced age or dignity.

Therefore, I hereby challenge you to a fight to the death! Owing to my extreme age, I demand that I be allowed the choice of weapons, as follows:

Each contestant shall be furnished with a five-gallon can of thin cow manure and a mop, with handle not exceeding three feet in length. We are to stand one rod (sixteen and one-half feet) apart, and no running up. The duel to take place on the thirty-first of June, 1959. All rights as to choice of place are reserved to the challenger.—(Signed) Ben B. (Skunk) Miles, Big Timber, Montana.

By golly, Skunk—er, I mean Ben—I'll just accept that challenge! However, it is only fair to warn you that I'm the durndest heifer dust slinger west of Singapore!—Joe.



ABOUT THE COVER

SELECTING a cover idea and working with the artist in turning it into a finished product is one of the hardest jobs we have. If the subject is even a fairly well known character of the past, EVERY LITTLE DETAIL must be perfect! If he is shown with a mole or a wart on the left side of his nose and a hair growing out of it, then, by gum, we better know that he really DID have a mole or a wart on the left (right would be murder!) side of his nose and that sure enough a hair grew out of the center of it!

Now the biggest "mistake" in our cover drawing to illustrate J. Frank Dobie's NO HELP FOR THE ALAMO is one that you simply can't erase—and still have that kind of a cover! Santa Anna, we suspect, never in his life, as a general, got into the thick of battle. Generals would be fools to go out and ask for it like that. They're too valuable. But what kind of cover would we have if you take the General out and put him a mile back on some hill? Oh, well—there are times when you have to give an artist some "poetic license" I guess. Anyhow, hope you like it. We think Taylor Oughton did one dickens of a good job.

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A fine photo from 1890 at the site of the burial of Indians slain in the Massacre.

"Remember Custer!"

(Continued from page 15)

didn't have any good weapons, only old guns of many types to be used to kill game for food."

Lost in thought of that terrible long-gone day, Mr. French, cane in hand, trudged along beside me to the post office to get his mail.

I remembered what he had told me at our last meeting. He was picked up two days after the fight a few miles from Wounded Knee by a drunken Army officer, who ordered him to proceed to the battlefield to help collect the dead Indians and bury them. This officer was so drunk that another officer had to lead him away. At the time, Mr. French was working for a Mr. Johnson, who had a contract with the Northwestern Railroad to haul dirt. He was driving a four-mule team attached to a wagon, which is why the officer had "recruited" him to help at the scene of the massacre.

The soldiers involved in the massacre were mostly cavalrymen from Custer's Seventh Regiment. They had a bitter grudge against all Sioux on account of Custer's defeat, and as most of them were drunk on the day of the fight, they didn't need much reason to start a slaughter.

On that fatal day, they were dismounted and formed in a circle around the Indians to be disarmed. They had about twenty Indians inside this circle and had started the disarming, when a reckless young brave discharged a gun in the air not far away. The shot excited the soldiers, and being drunk, they poured a volley into the group of Indians *and killed thirty-two of their own men* in the cross fire. Colonel Forsythe lost control of his men and the frightful butchery began. Insofar as I know, this tragic killing of their own men was not reported to the government.

Miss Elaine Goodale, a poetess who happened to be at Wounded Knee the next day after the fight, made a report to the government that agrees with Mr. French's statement that a "good-for-nothing young Indian accidentally discharged a gun in the air," thus starting the one-sided battle. To my knowledge, Mr. French is the only living man who knows firsthand the true story of the Wounded Knee Massacre.

Added Author's Note:

Three years ago I had occasion to visit Mr. French in his home. I was pleased to see a happy, active man wearing glasses. At eighty-six, he had gone to Los Angeles from his home at Encanto Station, San Diego, and had a very successful operation on one eye for the removal of a cataract. There was no hope for the other eye, but now with the sight of one eye restored, he could see to read and write for the first time in thirty years. —E. H.

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